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Literary Editor MARK VAN DOREN

Contributing Editors

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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ENTERS 1928 with the solemn blessings of Messrs. Hoover and Mellon and their positive assurances that our superlative prosperity (starving miners please take notice) will last throughout the year, while 228 Americans whose income is a million, or more, dollars a year apiece, rise up to call them blessed. Appears the usual weekly report that President Coolidge will accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency if it is tendered to him on a golden platter, and the familiar dispatch that Hoover is now so far in the lead for that same nomination that no one can overtake him. From Nicaragua comes the usual news, that the "bandits" are still being put down; from the Philippines that the wretches over there still wish independence of us. Appears a new Chevrolet car at reduced prices to give Henry Ford's new creation a run for its money, and two new murder mysteries to prove that 1928 has started according to Hoyle. Abroad, the usual prophecy of death, misery, and destruction. All but two of the German soothsayers announce wars, revolutions, earthquakes, terrible fires, floods, and crime waves. Part of England is to be destroyed by a tidal wave; there are to be two political murders in Rumania; and two seeresses behold England and Russia beginning a war to last seven or eight years, with Russia profiting most. As to America, they see nothing. That is where our politicians can give them cards and spades. They can even read relief for the farmer.

THE "BANDITS" OF THE HEADLINES have been transformed into "rebels" by the death of six United States marines in the mountains of Nicaragua. This change in phraseology at least is one step toward honesty, and honesty might be the first step toward decency. When marines fight "the biggest battle in which American troops have participated since the World War" it is time to stop pretense and admit that they are fighting Nicaraguan patriots. The rebel leader, Sandino, an ex-miner, is the one Nicaraguan Liberal who refused to be bought into peace by President Coolidge's emissary, Henry L. Stimson; but it is plain that he represents something infectious in Nicaragua. Three times at least the marines have "wiped out his forces"—at Ocotal, near the battlefield of the New Year, the marines killed 400 of his followers last July. But new forces flock to him; munitions trickle in to his mountain stronghold, battle follows battle. With the aid of bombing planes and unlimited equipment, the marines may in time crush Sandino's army, but they can never crush the spirit that sustains it. Once upon a time a tide of warm sympathy for his gallant movement would have swept the United States; but today . . .

TEXAS BANKERS evidently have more money than they know what to do with. The Texas Bankers Association has decided to dispose of some of its spare cash by offering it in chunks of $5,000 as a reward for apprehension of "each dead bank robber—not one cent for 100 live ones." Dead men—even bank robbers—tell no tales. It is not surprising, therefore, that three Mexicans who had been invited to come to a certain Texas bank the other day were suddenly shot at outside the bank's premises; two of them were killed and their attackers, two police officers, came forward handsomely to claim the award for a pair of bank robbers. The overzealous officers, who, the third Mexican charged, had invited the three men to the bank in the first place, on the pretext of offering them work, have been arrested and indicted for murder. Meanwhile the reward stands. Bank robberies have not ceased in Texas, but the lives of innocent citizens—or especially innocent aliens—are less secure than they were.

MURMURINGS HAVE BEEN HEARD faintly for some months from the little group of coral-reefed, palm-fringed islands that blink under the blinding sun of the South Seas about 1,500 miles northeast of New Zealand and were once known as German Samoa. The murmurings have been as faint as those from the S-4 not because they were actually subdued but because they had to travel thousands of miles over expensive cable and telegraph wires. The islands were acquired by Germany in a division of spoils with Great Britain and the

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United States in 1899, doubtfully validated by native consent. Great Britain seized them in the World War and in 1920 the League of Nations gave a mandate to New Zealand to govern them. The government set up conflicted with the old patriarchal-democratic system of the Samoans and there has been trouble, just as in American Samoa where the arbitrary rule of our naval officers has been described in *The Nation*. A Royal Commission was appointed to investigate. It upheld the Administrator and he in turn ordered the deportation of three Europeans instrumental in bringing the charges against him. But before exiling the men the Administrator, admitting his own powerlessness to function, took the extraordinary course of appealing to one of the trio, O. F. Nelson, to urge his followers not to resort to force but to present their grievances through "proper channels." In a meeting on Christmas Eve Mr. Nelson obtained such an agreement against much opposition. The outcome remains to be chronicled. The worst of the White Man's Burden is that generally it is as bewildering and unsatisfactory to the burden-bearer as to the burden.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES appearing in the New York *World* recently seemed to indicate that certain interested nations had, through the League of Nations, suppressed publication of damaging facts concerning the traffic in women and children known as the "White Slave Trade." A complete denial of the charges has been made by Bascom Johnson, Director of Investigations of the commission which inquired into the traffic. Mr. Johnson denies, in the first place, that Part II of the report was suppressed by the League; he says that, as a matter of routine courtesy, it was sent to the governments involved for necessary corrections before its publication on December 5 last. The changes made in this second—and more sensational—section of the League's report, Mr. Johnson says, consisted merely of

> 1. Additions to the report of laws, regulations, or statements of policy adopted since the report was first printed in February, 1927;
>
> 2. Restatement of paragraphs which were susceptible to misinterpretation;
>
> 3. Deletions of unnecessary repetitions of names of countries or cities.

In no case, Mr. Johnson assures us, were the charges significant or damaging to the essential truth and validity of the report, nor did they detract from the truth of the ghastly picture presented. Without the League, he rightly points out, this international inquiry into a loathsome but unfortunately not yet archaic trade would almost certainly never have been made.

HOUSES FOR WORKERS are traditionally dark, crowded, and cheerless. New York's first tenements, built in the old "dumb-bell" style, contained rooms without any windows at all, rooms opening on a narrow "air"-shaft, rooms unheated, unlighted except by flickering gas-light, rooms without running water or toilets—and rents for these hovels were and are still high. Most of the attempts made by philanthropists, by civic bodies, by business organizations to build and rent better houses for workers have produced nice houses for the middle class. But in the Amalgamated Cooperative Apartments in uptown New York the families of union members will delight in large, light, sunny rooms; in white kitchens with stove, and sink, and refrigerator; in bathrooms with showers; heat and electric light and hot water. The rent will be $11 per room and the rooms can be purchased for $500 apiece (apartments varying in size from two to five rooms). The purchase money can in large part be borrowed from the union's Amalgamated Bank. The worker, therefore, becomes owner of a comfortable, healthful home; and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which holds a first mortgage on the property, is assured 5 per cent on its investment. There are, of course, only 1,185 rooms in the group of houses; only members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers can become tenants and owners. There are still many thousands of workers doomed to live in dark and sunless rooms. But here is a way out. It is significant that organized labor found it.

IN THE NEW INDUSTRIAL SOUTH some people have a curious pride in low wages. In *The Nation* for December 7 we quoted "facts and figures about labor in Tennessee" which were advertised in the *Textile World*, showing that textile operatives, male and female, receive an average weekly wage of $13.63. Now comes South Carolina advertising itself with figures that are even lower. The New Industries Commission of Richland County boasts in a recent issue of *Commerce and Finance* that the "annual wage averaged by persons engaged in the textile mills of South Carolina is $631"—about $77 below Tennessee. Or, to go further north, $323 below the average in Massachusetts. The Commission asserts in bold type that "It is conservatively estimated that in South Carolina fifty thousand whites (native-born—of Anglo-Saxon origin) desire industrial employment"—at the $631 wage, of course. It adds, quaintly, that "The typical rural attitude, which they bring to industry, is particularly appreciative; and cooperative with their employers. In all of South Carolina's textile plants there is not one labor union." The advertisement might have added that there are virtually no restrictions on the hours that men and women work in that State; that women work at night; and that South Carolina is one of the five States which have no accident compensation laws. Matter-of-fact business men, however, appreciate these conditions; a survey made by John M. Hagar, of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, shows that between 1914 and 1925 the manufacturing output of the Southeast trebled, while industry is now developing in the Southeastern States one and a half times faster than for the country as a whole. But apparently the new industrial South is only the old industrial story.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF GLOZEL has new shell-holes, and the cannon are still rumbling. French scientists disagreeing, an international commission of paleontologists visited the field in central France where Stone Age tablets, a prehistoric alphabet, and post-glacial reindeer drawings were said to have been discovered. They dug with their neutral trowels; they debated at night; and finally they—or most of them—issued a report. They did not agree with Salomon Reinach that the Glozel collections revolutionized the prehistoric history of man; nor with Camille Jullien that the inscriptions, instead of being ten thousand years old, were late Roman; nor with M. Dussaud, who insists that the Glozel "relics" are twentieth-century fakes. Instead, this galaxy of international wisdom produced a new theory, which does credit to its creative imagination. No one now living faked the relics, the com-

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mission reports, but they are none the less fakes—faked by some practical joker of the middle of the last century! This story seems to laymen to belong in a class with the announcement of a boastful Englishman that he had staged the entire farce. The whole episode is a smashing blow to the prestige of palaeontology. Apparently patriotism mastered the common sense of some French scholars; in their eagerness to give France credit for the invention of the alphabet they rivaled the Nordic nonsense-artists who claim Nordic blood for every Mediterranean genius. No one who has discussed Glozel has yet displayed what used to be known as the scientific temper.

EZRA POUND has been given the *Dial* Award for 1927, and in the January issue of the magazine attempts are made by T. S. Eliot and others to say just who and what Mr. Pound is. The task is admittedly difficult, for, as Mr. Eliot points out, the ideas of this lively man are a compound of "medieval mysticism," "Mr. Yeats's spooks," "Dr. Berman's hormones," and "Confucian rationalism." Mr. Eliot, whose instinct for unity is well-known, is a little bothered by Mr. Pound's lack of intellectual order; but he generously gives him credit for an immense influence upon contemporary poetry and criticism. And that should be enough. Mr. Pound is certainly one of the finest American poets. If in addition he has encouraged younger authors, edited magazines, contributed literary letters to the reviews, fought conventionalism in thought and style, and—since he went to Europe to live—been a constant thorn in the flesh of our complacency, all that is further reason why he should be given money by the *Dial*. But we are sure that his poetry is the man. And he seems to agree, since he sends the *Dial* these characteristic if exaggerated words: "It wd. be stupid to make the award on prose-basis as my prose is mostly stop-gap."

A SWEET AND GENTLE SPIRIT left this world with the passing of the old year. Algernon S. Crapsey liked to call himself the "last of the heretics" because he was tried for heresy, found guilty, and dismissed from his Episcopalian pastorate in 1906 after 27 years of service in it. As he himself stated it, "I asserted that Jesus was born as we are born, that He lived as we live, that He died as we die, and that the story of His miraculous birth was unknown to Him, to His mother, and to the early Christian church." That was the sum and substance of his offending. Not unnaturally he lived to behold some of his judges coming to him, begging him to reenter the church, and admitting that he could not today be ousted for such views. That is why he called himself the "last of the heretics"—but he was wrong. Since then Bishop Brown of Ohio has been deposed, chiefly for his radical social doctrines, and there will be other social and economic heretics to be expelled unless the Protestant church dies wholly at the top. What it needs is not fewer rebels but more "come-outers" who will take their stand and demand that the church stand with them or break them. Dr. Crapsey, it is needless to say, was one of the most benign and saint-like of men—naturally, for of such material are heretics made. In his life he was everything a genuine priest should be and after his dismissal he was more than ever alert to changing economic and social conditions.

Sazonov

WITH a shock one reads that Sergius Sazonov has just died. One had supposed him dead long since; he belonged so thoroughly to a dead pre-revolutionary Russia.

He was only forty-four when he became Russia's Foreign Minister in 1910. But, except in France, the generation with which he worked has passed irretrievably from the stage. Hindenburg is still President of Germany, a symbol of the solidity of the old order persisting into the republican era; but the men who actually govern Germany are young men whose names were unknown in Sazonov's day. Bethmann-Hollweg and his colleagues are dead, as are the men who determined Austrian policy. Sir Edward Grey and Asquith are retired old men; only in France do pre-war statesmen still hold the helm.

To say that Sazonov willed the war would be an exaggeration; he was too weak for that. But he was one of the little men who must bear a chief responsibility for the calamity of Europe. He did not want war; but he was too much a fatalist to struggle against it. He believed war inevitable; he thought it his task merely to arrange the combination so as to give Russia the best chance when war came. Izvolsky, his ambassador in Paris, was a more ruthless personality; Poincaré was another man of iron will; and Sazonov was putty in their hands. "Sazonov must be firm, and we must back him up," Poincaré said to Maurice Paléologue, the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, on July 21, 1914. Sazonov wavered; but Paléologue and his British colleague, aided by the wild men of the Russian army staff, kept him firm. His only doubt was England; once sure that England would come in, he was ready for war.

"There is no longer any human will capable of withstanding the automatic mechanism of the forces set loose," Paléologue wrote in his diary on July 27. But the diplomats had created the dreadful automaton. Sazonov had abetted two Balkan wars, which left one of Russia's proteges, Bulgaria, defeated and sullen, and another, Serbia, swollen and ambitious. He had wanted those "local" wars; he dreaded a European conflagration not because the loss of human lives appalled him but because his combinations were not quite ripe.

In Czarist Russia Sazonov was considered a near-liberal. "I personify the alliance with the Western democracies," he said; he believed a semi-independent Poland necessary; he was ready to cooperate with a modest Duma; he hated the Rasputin clique. But he could cynically bribe the entire French press; he wanted Russia to annex Constantinople, and was ready to toss Persia to England as the price; his "democratic" sympathies were merely a sop to make realization of his imperialist dreams possible.

A vanished generation, his; yet are the younger men so different? There is the League of Nations, which, for all its weakness, is certainly an improvement over the tortuous diplomatic instrumentalities of 1914. But Poincaré at least belongs to the unreconstructed old school; Austen Chamberlain swaps territory in Africa as cynically as any pre-war "statesman"; Mussolini is even worse than the Italians who bargained with both sides in 1914. What did the war teach us?

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It Pays to Advertise

DWIGHT MORROW, Will Rogers, and Charles August Lindbergh have been carrying on perhaps the most effective international advertising campaign in history. They have advertised friendship; they have been "selling" the United States to Mexico. To an amazing degree they have succeeded in erasing suspicion and substituting a spirit of cooperative good-will. That the advertising has paid seems to be proved by the responsive action of the Calles Government in passing legislation substantially modifying the petroleum law which had so long been the bogy of the State Department.

It is a record of which Mr. Morrow may well be proud. He arrived in Mexico City on October 23. On November 17 the Mexican Supreme Court handed down a decision declaring the two most offensive articles of the petroleum law unconstitutional. On December 26 President Calles asked the Mexican Congress to amend the moot clauses. On December 27 the House of Representatives passed the desired bill. On December 28 it passed another measure giving the President extraordinary power to modify the agrarian legislation. Representatives of the oil companies have expressed their satisfaction. What a contrast to the muddling, bungling, bullying policy of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Kellogg! A couple of ham-and-egg breakfasts; a lariat-throwing humorist imported from California; an aviator winging his friendly way over the desert where once Pershing hunted Villa—and two nations which had been thumbing their noses at each other for a decade, which had at least thrice been on the brink of war, discovered new springs of friendship.

We are not sure that behind the enthusiastic good-will of the Lindbergh pilgrimage and the Morrow ham-and-egg breakfasts Mexico is not conceding too much of what the State Department has asked. It is of course better to have the laws changed as an act of good-will than as a response to bullying; but the suspicion remains that Mexico is reshaping her legislation rather because she needs American help, for which this is the price, than because the amended form seems just to Mexicans.

It happens that this readjustment coincides with certain other negotiations. The partial moratorium on Mexico's foreign-debt payments ended on December 31, last, and Mexico, under her agreement with the bankers' committee, is obligated to pay during 1928 9,500,000 pesos a month—42 per cent of her total budget. Unless concessions are made by the bankers, or unless new sources of revenue can be tapped, Mexico will have to suspend her program of road-building and irrigation, cut salaries, and close schools. Mr. Fernando de la Fuente, chief of the Mexican Government's Department of Credit, is now in New York negotiating with the bankers' committee. He will, naturally, point out that good roads and irrigation are likely rapidly to increase the national wealth out of which Mexico must pay her debts; and it is obvious that the change in the oil laws, if it leads the great oil companies to extend their drilling and to pay the oil taxes which constitute the bulk of Mexico's internal revenue, will have a mollifying effect upon Mr. Morrow's former associates in the banking world. Were the oil laws changed in the hope of winning concessions from the bankers? If so, perhaps they were necessary; but even if so, the change is a dangerous precedent in international relations. It is bad enough to have Wall Street determining policies in the United States; the world has a pretty problem to solve if American financiers also direct the course of legislation in other countries.

The actual area of conflict between the Mexican Government and Washington has always been small, despite the large amount of steam generated; and these amendments cover only a part of that territory. The oil companies, it will be recalled, protested against the provisions of the Mexican law which, after announcing the principle of nationalization of petroleum deposits, provided that, if the companies or individuals applied within one year's time, concessions of fifty years' duration would be granted for rights arising from

1. Lands in which works of petroleum exploitation were begun prior to May 1, 1917;
2. Contracts made before May 1, 1917, by the surface owner or the successor in title, for the express purpose of exploitation of petroleum.

Most of the American companies refused to register their titles, which were accordingly subject to forfeiture. The modified law provides for another year within which they may register their titles, but still requires registry; and it removes the limitation of fifty years upon the new concessions; they may have indefinite duration.

These seem small changes indeed; but around precisely these provisions—which the American Government had hotly declared to be retroactive and confiscatory—has raged the most acrimonious controversy in our recent diplomatic history. The Mexican Government has as vigorously defended its right to shape its own legislation. It has denied the retroactivity of its law, asserting that a law is not retroactive "as long as it does not infringe upon any right which has not already been put into effect."

The question is more important than appears. The United States has surplus capital: Mexico—like Colombia and Venezuela and other undeveloped countries—has not. Americans can buy, for what seems to them a song, vast tracts of land and hold them for later development. In such a way Mexico lost control of the enormous sub-soil wealth which has made her the second oil-producing country of the world. The profits of her own territory have gone to aliens. In one of her best years she collected close to $2,000,000 in taxes on the oil which one American company extracted from her soil; but the United States Government in the same year collected $5,000,000 from the same oil after it had entered our territory! Mexico's oil and land laws were an effort to retain the profits of her natural wealth for her own people, and similar efforts are sure to be made in other countries as they rise to a similar degree of national self-consciousness. Shall those countries be permitted to shape their legislation according to their own needs? Or must they find themselves handicapped, bound forever to concessions and privileges granted in a period when they had not awakened to the meaning of their national heritage? Small as is the change made in the Mexican law, we fear that it may be a sad precedent in the coming decades for the newer oil-companies of Colombia and Venezuela.

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Rebellion in Colorado

ACCORDING to the newspapers there is a strike in Colorado—a small and, on the part of the workers, a remarkably peaceful strike. But according to the law it is a rebellion. So its stands, doubly certified: once when the Industrial Commission declared the strike illegal, thereby depriving the strikers of their civil liberties; again, when a court refused even to citizens who were not strikers that last protection against tyranny—the writ of habeas corpus. It is important that those who seek to preserve the processes of the democratic state should understand the process by which the Colorado strike has been transposed into a rebellion.

To begin with, Colorado has its Industrial Commission Law, part of the aftermath of the Ludlow massacre, and a by-product of the famous "Rockefeller Plan," the company-union device which was to prevent strikes in mines and mills of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. This law gives an appointed commission jurisdiction in industrial disputes, requires employers and employees to give to each other and to the commission written notice, thirty days in advance, of any intended change in conditions of employment, and forbids strikes or lockouts until after investigation by the commission—except in vaguely defined industries "not affected with a public interest." The penalties are heavy, especially for encouraging or aiding the declaration or continuance of strike or lockout.

An I. W. W. miners' committee gave due notice before the present strike, but the commission held that, since the I. W. W. was "an outlaw organization," its committee was not a committee of employees, within the meaning of the law. This decision made it unlawful for anyone anywhere in the State to speak in support of the resultant strike. Almost automatically there followed the ghastly sequence: the temporarily reconstituted State police were called out, ostensibly to protect property but in reality to suppress meetings; and in due course their machine-guns shot down strikers at the Columbine mine.

A committee of the Ministerial Alliance of Weld County attended the inquest of the dead miners and reported: "We find that the present devices of our State to prevent discordant strikes have broken down. . . . This commission [of Industrial Relations] . . . has forfeited the public confidence in its effectiveness." The ministers noted its failure to give a hearing, declared that the I. W. W. committees obviously did represent the miners, and asserted that the use of the military to enforce the commission's policy was "prejudicial to any amicable settlement." And now the commission is giving a hearing to the very committee which, before the men were dead, it refused to recognize.

After the shooting the militia were called out in earnest. They suppressed meetings wholesale. "I'm not going to let the 'Wobblies' meet under my nose," said one commander, when asked for his authority. They searched homes without warrant, even at night, and refused women called out of bed time to dress. They extended the policy of the State police in arresting and holding strike leaders incomunicado, and in jailing sympathizers whose sole offense was criticism of the military officials.

The Adjutant General of Colorado advised the Governor that unless he would proclaim military law and so suspend habeas corpus, men arrested by the military could not be held. The Governor declined to act, and nine strike leaders were released. Then more were arrested. The military officers, on appeal, let some go but insisted on holding others. The American Civil Liberties Union went into court asking a writ of habeas corpus, and found two things. First, a statute of 1921 which in certain emergencies authorized local militia commanders, in conjunction with local civil authorities, to proclaim a state of insurrection and act accordingly, notifying the Governor later. Next, a decision of the State Supreme Court in the Moyer case in 1905, holding that when the Governor has declared a state of insurrection and called out the militia, they may without process of law hold any persons aiding and abetting the insurrection until its suppression. In such cases habeas corpus does not apply. Such prisoners must finally be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, with their offenses specified.

The court held that this decision applied to the present situation, despite the fact that the Governor had proclaimed neither martial law nor a state of insurrection. Military commanders in certain areas, desiring to be free from civil authority and beyond the reach of habeas corpus, had made such proclamations on their own authority.

Thus does military usurpation by a political-industrial faction become law. Thus are defenders of civil liberties turned into outlaws and rebels. Thus does a law suspending the right to strike become magnified on the American scene until it wipes out all civil liberty and establishes a new form of slave state.

The Better America

EZRA MEEKER, who in 1852 spent six months traveling behind oxen between Omaha, Nebraska, and Portland, Oregon, and who in 1924 retraced that route in an army airplane in thirteen and a half hours, has reason to think that we have improved our ways of communication. He also, as appears by reports of a speech he made the other day to the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, believes that we have improved in more subtle respects. "It is a slow process and it takes time," he said, "but things are better even today. Intellectual and artistic opportunities are, of course, much more plentiful." They are indeed. Since 1852 we have had a Johns Hopkins, a new Harvard, and a new Columbia, not to speak of a University of Chicago and of many State universities with thousands enrolled in each. We have seen researches conducted in physics, chemistry, bacteriology, astronomy, and medicine of which our great-grandfathers never dreamed. We have more or less learned how to write history, and we have created an enormous reading public for books of all sorts from the best on down.

But perhaps it is not sufficiently realized how many kinds of opportunity we have. There exists a "Who's Who in Occultism, New Thought, Psychism, and Spiritualism," edited by William C. Hartmann for the guidance of those seeking to elevate themselves in the universe. A copy of this work having come to us, we have learned that here in our own country one may seek understanding from graphologists, phrenologists, astrologists, magnetic healers, metaphysical practitioners, chromatists, numerologists, palmists, Rosicrucians, sexologists, mesmerists, theosophists, and anthroposophists, among others. Or, if one wants company in

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the new life, one may join the Ancient and Mystical Order of Melchizedek, the Ancient Order of Illuminates, the Confraternity of the Mystical Life, the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, the Imperial Order and Council of the Magi, the Philosophers of the Living Fire, the Sacred Order of the Blue Flame, the Triple Order and Grand Temple of Eulis, or simply the Faithists.

If these offer too meager a program, one is advised to seek entrance into the American Academy of Astrologians, which originally was limited in membership to thirty chosen persons, but which reserved the power to add others later:

> The fellowship restriction to this particular number was, for Hermetic and Kabalistic reasons, in consonance with its mystical character and aims. It is the perfect number (10) tripled in a ratio of fruitfulness (3), and equates with Arcane III of the Planetary Circles, signified by "Isis-Urania," the generative principle in the manifesting realms. This point is ruled by the cohesive Venus, the Egyptian Isis, crowned with 12 stars, the solar nimbus about her head symbolizing the creative power of intelligence, while the eyes covering the cube on which she sits emblemize the visions of Hermes; her feet rest upon the crescent of the Moon, showing the subjection of matter to mind; in one hand is a globe-tipped scepter, in the other is an eagle posed, its head turned toward her indicating the human soul reverting to its God principle, in which name of Deity the G possesses the kabalistic value of 3. The lesser Arcane XXX, in the fatidic circle of Venus is governed by Jupiter. Thus Love, Judgment, and Fecundity are numerically synthesized in the ground-plan of this Structure.

We ourselves feel tempted to take a train to Roscoe, California, where "Freedom Hill Henry, B. J." conducts the Brotherhood of Bifurcated Jackasses, a society which Mr. Hartmann assures us in a parenthesis is "a serious effort." Brother Henry, who confesses at the head of his announcement that he has sugar-coated his cosmic teachings for those who are not strong enough to take them straight, says:

> The Stable will be open to specially invited members of good kicking every Saturday evening. And you are invited. . . . The purpose of this arrangement is to enable you, after having worn your harness all week, to lay off your packsaddle on which you have carried your burdens of civilization . . . and take a rest by actively becoming your natural jackass self. . . . You will be allowed to bray, sing, kick, yell, recite, dance, play tricks, roll over, laugh out loud, and do other things. . . . Come any Saturday evening with hay and carrots and you will find the Chief with his long ears. He! Haw! Till we meet again.

We recommend the advertisements at the end as literature which should throw light on anyone's personal problems. Not only can you send for gazing crystals, ouija boards, astro-amulets, and "West African drugs"; you can appeal to "human engineers" who will tell "who and what you are," and in desperate need you can drop a line to the Brotherhood of Light, Los Angeles, whose ad begins: "What Do You Want? Whatever it is we can help you to get it."

Our only criticism of this "Who's Who" is that it has been too generous in compiling its list of newthoughtists and metaphysicians. We note, for instance, the names of Alfred Adler, Beatrice Hinkle, C. G. Jung, George W. Kirchwey, Robert Millikan, Michael Pupin, and Margaret Sanger. These were hardly worthy of the honor. They are mere scientists who say that knowledge is still what it used to be, something painful to acquire.

The Cult of Culture

STATISTICS, having been applied to almost everything else, have now been turned loose on culture. It seems a little hard on culture. In so far as culture is anything other than intellectual snobbery or pure pose, it is a matter of mind and spirit; it is a cultivation of the mental and aesthetic side of life as differentiated from the material. To apply the statistical method to the immaterial is like trying to measure the infinite or tabulate the unknown.

Yet there are figures which have a bearing on the subject, among them those collected by the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, who has spent a couple of years visiting American cities in the interest of the National Association of Book Publishers. Mr. Potter rates the culture of our cities by their per capita expenditure for libraries, together with certain other considerations, especially schools and bookstores. Per capita expenditure on libraries is a legitimate statistical basis as far as it goes, though it certainly does not go far, and is only a partial indication of the value even of the libraries. Schools and bookstores are important, to which we might add the character of the stage and the press, the state of painting, architecture, and music, the existence of lecture courses, forums, and learned societies, and—most important and intangible of all—the influence of all those upon the individual and their penetration into the home.

But taking the mere matter of expenditure for libraries, Mr. Potter places Cleveland first—among cities of more than 200,000 persons—because it yearly spends $1.39 per person. Boston is shouldered into second place, Cincinnati ranks high, Chicago and New York occupy a midway position, while Philadelphia trails the list. Probably there may be extenuating circumstances in the case of Philadelphia. Certainly with respect to New York, although it may be starving its libraries today—its per capita expenditure is about forty-one cents a year—it has accumulations from the past which make its bibliographic resources more valuable for reference and research than those of Cleveland.

Mr. Potter sends Pittsburgh and Columbus (Ohio) to the foot of the class in culture, but for reasons other than their expenditures for libraries. He disqualifies them because of their blue laws. This strikes us as intelligent. The existence of mere symbols of culture in a community can have no significance unless their influence gets home to the people. Tolerance is the very essence of culture; without it libraries, lectures, and marble statues on the street corners are of no consequence. In Pittsburgh no dramatic or motion-picture performances are permitted on Sunday, nor any other entertainment—not even concerts—to which admission is charged. There are a great many working people in and around Pittsburgh, and perhaps the city's controlling classes don't want these workers to enjoy their Sundays so well that they will find it a strain to go back to their hard and grimy toil on Monday morning. In Columbus—95 per cent of the population of which is native white—Mr. Potter advised the Chamber of Commerce to bring in some foreign-born in order to raise the cultural level. Such sidelights interest us more than the attempt to apply a mathematical yardstick to culture.

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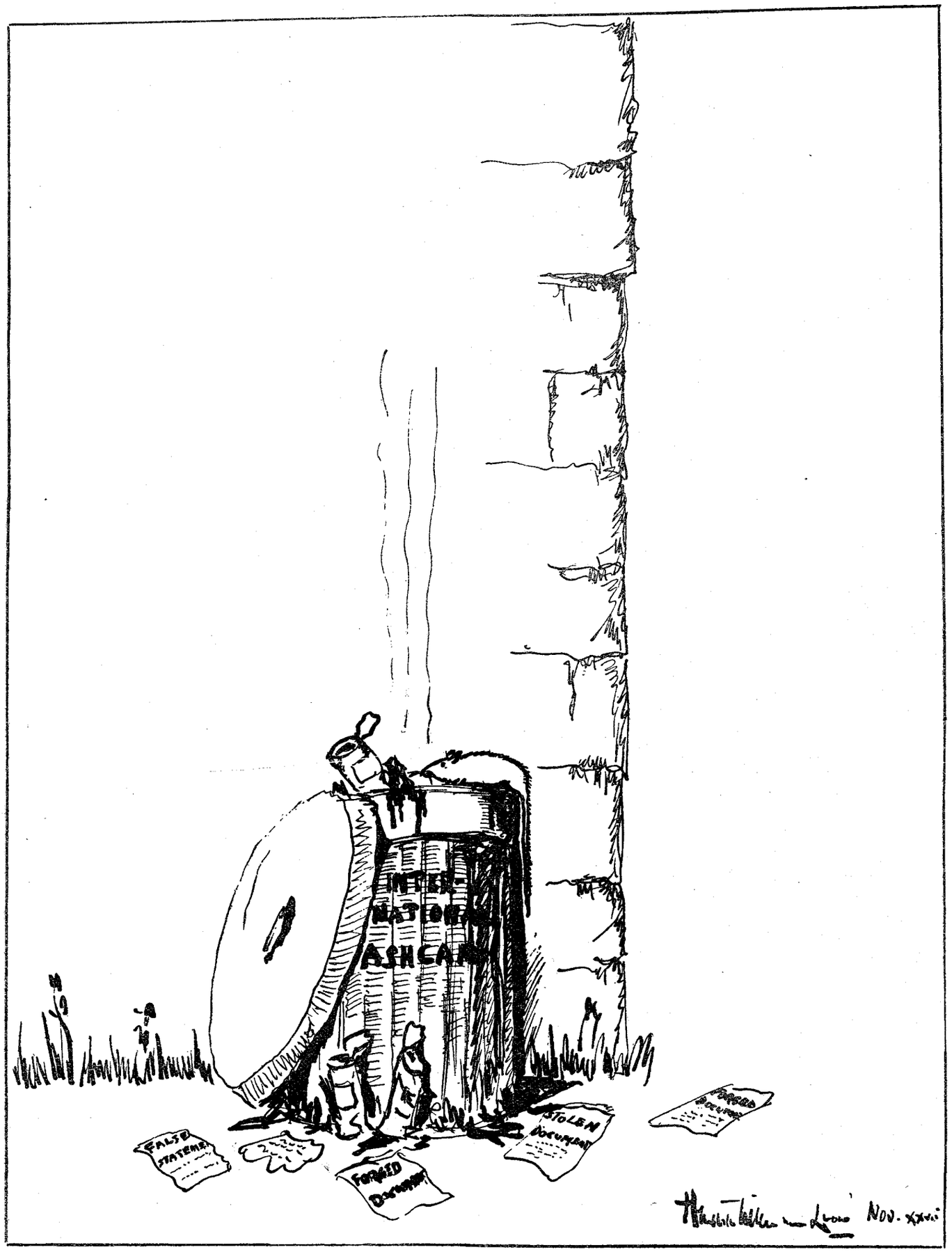

Hearst

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

HOW anybody can hate Calvin Coolidge is mysterious to me. I would as soon think of hating Mr. Polly of whom Wells wrote a history. Nor is it a contemptuous tolerance which dulls a sharper feeling. Calvin Coolidge in person has not swum across my ken, but enough has been written to make me feel I know the man. One generalization concerning him has been neglected. Here for almost the first time is a wistful President of the United States. If, in some future day, a chronicle is written around his Administration the chief figure should be played by somebody like Charlie Chaplin. Add to wistfulness a rare courage and there results a figure competent to pick at the heart-strings.

The courage of Coolidge requires some further explanation. In a sense his arrival in the White House was grotesque. He was nominated for Vice-President under a misconception and became President through a fluke. By no means the smallest man who ever succeeded to that high office, he was still among the small ones. Unlike the little fellows who preceded him, Calvin Coolidge possessed no delusion of grandeur to bulwark him in a role for which he felt himself unsuited. Not since an understudy sought to drive the chariot of the Sun have reins been held in hands more agitated. But Calvin flew neither too high nor too low. In spite of inner quakings he kept the course.

As it happens, I am against rather more than half the things for which Mr. Coolidge stands, but in looking back over his official acts it is hard to see much discrepancy between what occurred and what he wanted. And he happened to believe in most of the things which he wanted. Judged from any idealistic standard, the Administration of Calvin Coolidge cannot justly be called an unqualified success. It is debatable whether the prosperity to which his supporters point with pride is deeply rooted. Certainly, it has been within his time that America has earned the greater part of its present international unpopularity. Nicaragua is a bloody blot; there has not been, as yet, high wisdom in dealing with either floods or farmers. But, in all fairness, it must be admitted that the country has not gone to wrack and ruin under the guidance of this average man who became our President. Accordingly the cause of democracy has received a needed vindication. Unless the United States can function under the leadership of Babbitt and his brothers we are in a bad way. Obviously our political system is stacked against the choice of great men. More readily might a camel pass through a needle's eye than genius gain the White House. We know, for instance, that neither a Washington nor a Lincoln could possibly be President today if he happened to live in Idaho or Montana. And to this list there might be added all the Southern States as well as Utah and Nevada. There is a theory, too, that a successful candidate cannot be either Wet or Dry, agnostic, Catholic, or Jew. And underneath this lies the fact that a great man has generally too many foes ever to receive a nomination from a major party.

Naturally, I do not contend that Calvin Coolidge rears up as far as the garter line upon the calf of Norris or of Borah, but save in desperation there is no point in mentioning these men since we all know that they are not available. For Coolidge, I contend that few men have ever done so well in the light of their limitations. He seemed a preposterous figure when he took the oath of office. I would not call him preposterous now. Something of luck he may have had. Prosperity, for instance, is only dimly dependent upon Presidential manipulation. Still, I would allow something for the fact that Coolidge has never lost sight of his own deficiencies. A proper ratio has been maintained between his biting and his chewing range. Of hypocrisy I would acquit him. To be sure, he has spoken upon occasion idle and empty words of idealism, but you cannot find the same gap between the phrase and the act as was evident in the reign of Woodrow Wilson or that of Theodore Roosevelt, both of them greater men than Coolidge. Calvin Coolidge has never spoken idealistically and passionately in the same breath. Such flowers as he has flung have been tossed out with a perfunctory gesture and were most obviously proffered as set pieces.

Of late, he has done a great deal to debunk the Presidency. The matter may not be one of gravest moment and yet I warm to him because he decided that one Gridiron dinner a year was ample for a chief executive. Again it was pleasant to hear that he walked out of an official banquet immediately after making his own brief remarks. Something of confidence has come to him in the closing years of his Administration and he has scaled down materially the talking obligations of the office by refusing speeches and messages to many organizations which had come to expect them as their due.

Harding was, I should say, an even smaller man than Coolidge but, apparently, he could never quite grasp the fact of insufficiency and surrounded himself for the most part with individuals even more grossly miscast than himself. Calvin, on the other hand, has made some excellent appointments. He ranks at least an assist in the brilliant play of Morrow to Mexico. His selective wisdom has not been 100 per cent. Specifically there is the navy, but it is an old and tough tradition that a fool shall be called to head that particular department.

Entirely aside from his official acts I find in Calvin Coolidge a personal quality which is appealing. For companionship I would never seek out anyone from New England, but I like the men from that section as locomotive engineers, chauffeurs, and bartenders. They can be trusted with steering wheels and cash registers. Indeed I must say that a Puritan President does not seem to me such a bad idea. In the beginning I liked Coolidge because of a story told to me by a Washington correspondent of liberal tendencies. It was his fate to be invited for a week-end trip upon the Mayflower and he had no stomach for the journey since he expected to be buttonholed and hear dull

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talk about "my policies." Besides he had a sprained ankle. He went. On the second day Calvin Coolidge found this particular newspaperman alone upon the deck and sat beside him. "Here it comes," thought the correspondent but, instead of policies, the President began by inquiring about the sprained ankle. Mr. Coolidge listened with great interest to the details and replied with a long story of the manner in which he himself had injured a toe while serving as Vice-President and living at the Willard. Every symptom was recounted and the precise method of successful treatment explained. At the end of this discourse Calvin arose and said "Good morning. Glad to have had a chance to talk to you." The rest was silence.

Again, I find myself moved by a tale concerning a more recent interview. This time the President called in a great man whom he planned to send upon a mission. The caller sat with the President before a window overlooking a lawn on which a collie was frisking. The great man (I refer to the visitor) outlined at length his own conception of the purposes of his mission, the difficulties, and the remedies. Calvin was all attention and when the guest had ended he turned to him and said, "Tom, do you like doggies?"

There was, also, the possibly apocryphal story of the President, the photographer, and Mrs. Coolidge. According to this tale, Calvin spoke somewhat sharply to his wife when she chose to assume a pose which seemed to him unfortunate. Immediately, upon his comment, she turned and walked away to go indoors. The President smiled at the camera man a little sheepishly and when last seen and heard he was pattering across the White House lawn and calling in placating fashion, "Oh, Mama! Wait, Mama!"

I choose to believe that Coolidge will not run again in 1928. His words seemed plain enough to me and I am prepared to accept them at the letter. If he ran, then, or at any future time I would not be likely to vote for him. Still an opposition ballot on my part would carry with it nothing of remorse or revenge. Nor very much hope. Calvin Coolidge is not a great President but he comes very close to being precisely what the public wants. He has walked on and played himself, which any actor can tell you is no mean feat. A square peg in a round hole is not a tragic figure if the peg happens to be wholly aware of its own corners. And anyhow I would find it very hard to grow indignant at any man who looked so pitiful in cowboy costume.

Good whittling, Cal.

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., January 2

NOT in a long while has Washington witnessed a more audacious freebooting foray in behalf of the larger business interests than the proposed retroactive reduction of the federal tax on corporation profits.

The House already has approved the reduction from 13½ per cent to 11½ per cent, making it effective January 1, 1927, so that it will be applicable on the profits for all the past year. That smooth-running combine of standpat Republicans and reactionary Democrats, which always goes into action when revenue measures are under consideration in the Senate, is preparing to follow suit. It will mean a straight-out gift to the big corporations of not less than $166,000,000 over and above the future benefits of the reduction.

There are still a few intrepid souls who challenge the infallibility of Andrew Mellon's economic dogma, but assuming that he is correct in the theory he has so persistently maintained—that corporation taxes are passed on and paid by the consumer—then the proposed retroactive pruning appears in an even more indefensible light. If Mr. Mellon's logic is sound, the corporations already have collected their 1927 taxes from the people and are merely holding them in trust for the government until the proper time for turning them over to the internal revenue collector. Unless "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" is mistaken, we are in effect about to say to the corporations: "Just salt that $166,000,000 away, boys; but remember it will soon be time to pass the hat for the 1928 campaign."

J. E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is authority for the statement that the 1927 prosperity was a somewhat spotty affair and that the great bulk of the profits were made by a very restricted group of the most powerful corporations. If Mr. Edgerton is right, the $166,000,000 will go largely into the pockets of enterprises already gorged with profits and needing tax relief less than ever before in their history. A concern, for instance, making $200,000,000 gets $4,000,000. It isn't hard to figure out some of the chief beneficiaries—United States Steel, General Motors, the Du Ponts, Standard Oil. And what a neat little gift to that needy old gentleman, Mr. Mellon himself!

The only parallel we have seen for this plunder was in 1926 when for the sake of the unfortunate heirs of the tobacco king, the late Mr. Duke, Congress put through a retroactive reduction on the federal-estate tax, amounting to some $80,000,000, most of which went to certain multimillionaire fortunes which had been maintaining an unseen but effective lobby in Washington. The iniquity of that deed is now to be multiplied by two.

Meanwhile, the White House prattle about the dire need of governmental thrift goes on. We propose to hand over $166,000,000 to corporations which boast they have

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had one of the most prosperous years in their history and then pinch pennies on Mississippi flood control.

* * * * *

THE power trust has just demonstrated more convincingly than ever before that its plants can generate votes in the Senate as well as electric juice.

Few lobbies have ever more impressively proved their value to the interests they serve than did the utilities junta in inducing the Senate to shelve the Walsh resolution under the flimsy pretense of sending it to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. The resolution provided for a searching inquiry into the ramifications, financial, political, and economic, of the interlocking power interests which control public utilities throughout the country. It had been under consideration a long time, but the power lobbyists skilfully maneuvered to keep it from reaching a vote until they had applied the proper pressure to Senators.

Progressive Senators on both sides of the aisle fought to keep the resolution from being sidetracked. The vote was a close one. The power trust won by a vote of 40 to 36. Some of the most ludicrously disguised vote-dodging ever seen in the Senate attended the roll-call. Senators, torn between their fear of their constituents' wrath and their dread of incurring the hostility of the utilities combine, actually hid in the cloakrooms and corridors and could be seen from the galleries furtively peering into the Senate chamber to make sure that the roll-call had been completed before they entered.

Among those who did not vote were both the Republican and the Democratic floor leaders—Senator Curtis of Kansas and Senator Robinson of Arkansas; Schall of Minnesota, Waterman of Colorado, Fletcher and Trammell of Florida, Harrison and Stephens of Mississippi, Harris and George of Georgia, Caraway of Arkansas, and Reed of Pennsylvania.

Of course, there is still a chance that the resolution may be drawn out of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Jim Watson, chairman of the committee, grows indignant at the suggestion that he is quietly putting it away in moth-balls for the remainder of the session. He is merely trying to have it modified so that the proposed inquiry will not run off into unreasonable channels, he explains. Senator Walsh of Montana promises to make every man toe the mark in the Senate again so that the entire country may know who opposed the resolution and who supported it.

* * * * *

STILL further to augment their power on Capitol Hill, the utilities interests have engaged the services of Ex-Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, erstwhile liberal, whose reactionary tendencies became so pronounced that the good people of Wisconsin were compelled to retire him to private life. Mr. Lenroot, off the public pay roll on March 4 last, has joined the army of "lame ducks" who go into the practice of law in Washington. It is a profitable game, filled with interesting playmates who get by on the strength of the official titles they used to hold.

As an ex-member of the Senate, entitled to the courtesies of the floor and cloakrooms, Mr. Lenroot can sit down and talk it over with the boys, and show them the path to favor with the power moguls. Mr. Lenroot has not been conspicuous in the public eye since he and Reed Smoot went secretly to Albert B. Fall's apartment to help him explain the Teapot Dome deal, but he ought to be able to earn his retainer now with the power trust.

The Vanquished Indian

By JOHN COLLIER

A STORM of defensive efforts for the American Indian began in 1922, through the initiative of the Federated Women Clubs, the Indian Defense Associations, and certain tribal Indian federations. As a by-product there was obtained from Congress an incomplete grant of citizenship to Indians in 1924. Indians, who remained essentially serfs under the Indian Bureau, found themselves at the same time voters. Still excluded from constitutional defenses, they got the ballot, and their vote in several States holds the potential balance of power. The citizenship act has produced mental rather than material effects, but they are measurable in the present Indian crisis. Congress is attending to the Indian problems in a new way, and the Indians are hopeful in a new way, and the intangible value of status—a status apparent if not real—is increasingly felt.

The Indian Bureau has speeded the development of a new consciousness by its efforts, in 1926, to obliterate the rhetorical intent of the citizenship act of 1924, and to broaden its own powers of arrest, fine, and imprisonment of Indians without court process.

In addition, and not accidentally, a changed popular view of Indians has come. The public does not now consider Indians worthless, nuisances, archaisms, savages, or half-animals. Representative Indian groups have made their case known through speech, song, drama, and dance from coast to coast. Scores of thousands of tourists have visited the Southwest tribes. Zuni and Hopi runners have captured the Marathons. An authentic literature on Indians streams forth in ever-growing volume. When new or chronic outrages upon the Indians are made known, they stir the mind of the public in unwonted ways.

And this growth of a changed realization about Indians is being helped by the Interior Department and the Indian Bureau. An intensified official persecution against Indian religions, and the bizarre pronouncements of the Indian Commissioner against Indian forms of worship, have educated Indians and whites alike. An increased official drive against Indian family life has helped to fan popular indignation, though at heavy cost in Indian misery and death. Cumulative, self-heralded maladministration may yet prove to be the tool which will set the Indians free.

Indian wealth is vanishing under the pretended guardianship of the Bureau. Its yearly diminution is 4 per cent —this in a time of rapidly enhancing values everywhere else. I quote the uncontradicted details, from testimony of

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the American Indian Defense Association before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, February 23, 1927 (Printed Hearings on Senate Resolution 341).

> The Indian estate—the capital value of the estate held in trust by the government, leaving out of account the fast-dwindling or hypothetical oil and mineral resources—has shrunken through the past four years at 4 per cent each year. The data is exclusively that furnished by the Indian Bureau during successive years when the bureau was campaigning to convince Congress and the public that the Indians were rapidly becoming wealthy. Through padding its totals with estimated mineral and oil wealth, the bureau has created an apparent wealth-increase of 119 per cent for the Indians in four years, from 1922 to 1926; but its tables of the specific classes of Indian wealth tell the fatal truth. The Indian allotted lands held in government trust have shrunken $69,000,000, or 16.6 per cent, in these four years. The individual Indian moneys in government trust have shrunken 36.3 per cent, and the tribal moneys 18.5 per cent. The total shrinkage over four years has been $122,000,000, but to this must be added the ever-mounting reimbursable indebtedness.

This reimbursable indebtedness, forced on the tribes by Congress through Indian Bureau initiative or consent, now stands at $31,000,000. To date more than $9,000,000 has been extorted from the Indians in payment.

The Indian Bureau has met the above charges by a characteristic device. Its annual report, just published, jumps the Indian wealth, exclusive of oil, gas, and minerals, $120,000,000 in the last year. It raises the value of Indian allotted lands $65,000,000. It reports an Indian bank balance (individual Indian moneys held in trust) of $73,000,000, against $22,000,000 last year. It increases the appraised value of Indian "homes, barns, and furniture" 68 per cent in one year. The Navajo hogans of the Western Navajo jurisdiction soar in value from $1,400 last year, to $50,000 this year. The pueblo mud houses north of Santa Fe are appraised at $401,000. Statistical joy-riding of this kind should not persuade Congress!

The Indian death-rate in thirty-three States, in the last four completed years of the federal census, increased 48 per cent. The hearings quoted above contain the uncontradicted United States census figures, supported by 5,000 words of statistical evidence:

> The Indian death-rate has risen 48 per cent in the registration area in four years, through 1924, the latest year of complete U. S. census tabulation. The rate is now approximately double the rate in the general population. registration area includes thirty-three States populations. The Indian tuberculous death- The tration area is six times the white de- ith Indian the census. In the country as ate in the regis- lous death-rate is seven an- ath-rate, according to lous death-rate, acco- whole the Indian tubercu- Indian Bureau. a half times the white tubercu- two and fi- ding to Commissioner Burke of the ing The Indian death-rate under one year is ve-sevenths the general population rate, accord- o the U. S. census. Commissioner Burke states that the Indian death-rate between one and three years is higher than between birth and one year. About 21 per cent of the Indians, or more than 60,000, are suffering from trachoma, which causes blindness, according to Dr. Guthrie, medical chief of the Indian Bureau.

The onslaught against Indian culture, Indian tribal morals, religion, and family life continues. The official policy of destroying the aboriginal institutions, down to and including the family and the parent-child relation, is an old one. It is a product of the sentiment, or judgment, crystallized in General Francis A. Walker's statement as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1871: "When dealing with savage men, as with savage beasts, no question of national honor can arise." The quoted words of the present Indian Commissioner, Charles H. Burke, used at Taos Pueblo, when addressing the Indians in 1924 (testified to by the whole tribal council of Taos), again embody the sentiment, or judgment: "Do you want to remain half-animal?"

Indian tribal life meant, and means, a certain capacity to resist exploitation and to assert dignity and will against bureaucratic manhandling. To "Americanize" Indians, to "Christianize" them, to "individualize" them, is an old and settled official policy. But the present Indian Bureau control has elaborated the doctrine in two practical ways.

It has carried the proscription of Indian religions to sensational, even grotesque limits. And it has cherished the institution most precisely designed to kill the Indian-hood in Indians and to mutilate their family life. That institution is the compulsory government boarding-school.

The bureau announces that it has crowded the Indian boarding-schools to 38 per cent beyond their physical capacity. It has pushed down to six years the age at which Indian children are taken from their parents to these schools, and up to 18 years the time when they are set free. It has maintained the "outing" system, designed to save Indian boys and girls from family and tribal contamination during their vacation times. Hopi and Navajo girls are sent to Los Angeles for "protection"; Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo boys are sent to the beet-fields of Kansas and Colorado. At the Tuba City (Arizona) boarding-school in September I found five Navajo boys, and at the Santa Fe boarding-school three more, all stricken with typhoid contracted in the moral and hygienic purity of the beet-fields. They had not received typhoid vaccination, because, as the Indian Bureau physician explained, "30 per cent or more of Navajo boys suffer from tuberculosis, and typhoid nation might work havoc." the

These Indian boarding-schools va- a vaccina- but their task of effacing Indian goes ahead unvaryingly. ry in physical details, which are tolerated nood and Indian family life Leupp, Arizon- As for some physical conditions 29, 1925 , I quote the Indian Bureau doctor at m- d, whose wire to the Indian Commission, April , reads: "We have had an epidemic of influenza and easles since March 18. Four deaths, one typhus suspect in the hospital, and the dormitories and hospital are foul with contagion." Dr. Warren was practically driven from the Indian service because he sent the above and similar telegrams to the Indian Commissioner alone. Mrs. Nellie Wiegel, State chairman of the Federated Women's Clubs of Colorado, reported about the Shiprock boarding-school on the Navajo reservation:

> Everything was covered with flies. While I was in the kitchen the newly baked bread was brought in, loaf after loaf, and placed on long tables; as soon as it was cool enough it was immediately covered, completely covered, with flies.
>
> I watched the little tots coming from religious instruction, and I never saw such dirty, raggety dresses on a human being in my life. Every one was a misfit, and of all forlorn, lonesome, heart-hungry beggars, they were that. [Senate Hearings, Feb. 23, 1927.]

Indians are United States government wards. Congress has plenary—unconditioned—power over them. Con-

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gress can delegate its powers to the executive, and largely has delegated them. Secretary Hubert Work and Commissioner Charles H. Burke rule a domain of 110,000 square miles by personal government.

Guardians over assets totaling several hundred millions, they account to no court—nor to anybody else, since Congress does not make them account to Congress. They sell and lease vast properties under rules and regulations of their own making, which they can change or suspend at will. Their decisions are practically unreviewable by any court. They themselves are removable by no court.

Indian personal life is controlled in the same plenary manner. Regulations by the Secretary of the Interior have the force and effect of statute law. The penal code for Indians, save in the case of eight crimes named in Federal statutes, is made by the Interior Department, is not published, and can be changed or suspended at will. Under that code, or outside it, Indians are arrested, fined, and imprisoned without trial and without court review. Those who trade with Indians are licensed by the Department. Its revocation of their licenses is conclusive. Those who traffic in any manner with Indians on reservations are subject to bureau espionage with unreviewable power to eject them. Those who investigate, preach, or even dig amid ruins on the reservations are similarly subject to espionage.

The bureau leaves the Indian family intact, or physically tears it apart, and its decisions are final and its acts, and the method of them, short of outright torture or killing, unreviewable. An Indian leaves a will; the bureau may heed it or destroy it, and the heirs have no recourse. In 1926 the bureau actually destroyed one-fifth of the Indian wills on which action was taken in that year. Most of the valuable Indian land is allotted under bureau trust to individual Indians. If an Indian possessing allotted land is [illegible] to be "incapable" (by the unreviewable Indian Bu[illegible]ay be ejected and white men put upon his land. [illegible] land is coveted by white men, the bureau judg[illegible] reau), he m[illegible] to them in its unreviewable discre[illegible] If Indian allottee [illegible] yond the supposed improve[illegible] may, and does, lease it [illegible] will bring to the land. [illegible] tion, for no consideration be[illegible] lo dies is sold to [illegible] ments which the white man's use [illegible] mine, and [illegible] Land belonging to the allotted Indian wi[illegible] are [illegible] white men, when and as the bureau may dete[illegible] passes out of Indian ownership automatically; the heir[illegible] made landless.

Congress in years gone by, in forms of treaties and statute laws, has given various protections to the Indians. These protections, especially the statutes safeguarding the indivisible tribal estate as distinct from the allotted lands, stand between the Indians and the fast-developing onslaught against their property.

The Indian Bureau, in a series of adventures since 1922, has sought to break down these protections and wipe them from the books. One of these adventures is now under way, and because it illustrates the others and exhibits the official "father" at his best or worst, and because it is a situation crying for citizen intervention, I briefly describe it.

The Flathead tribe, in Montana, numbering 2,800 souls, are owners of a large water-power site. Its potential exceeds 250,000 of primary horse-power. The tribe's ownership is vested through a treaty seventy years old, and the exclusive enjoyment of the earnings from the water-power is guaranteed to the tribe by the Federal Water-Power Act of 1920.

A $5,000,000 debt has been placed on the Indian lands since 1908. This debt has purchased an asset in the shape of an irrigation system now functioning to only 31 per cent capacity. Ninety-six per cent of this used capacity is in the possession or use of whites. The whites are finding difficulty in meeting their share of the obligation to the Government. They are morally entitled to relief through a writing-off of their indebtedness by an act of Congress. But the Interior Department prefers that the Flathead Indians shall assume the debts of these white farmers. And the farmers are willing.

The Indian Bureau wasted $101,000 some years ago in a fantastic tunnel project, never completed, designed to siphon or pump irrigation water. Later the bureau sought to convince Congress that power generated at this tunnel-site could be used for pumping water to an average elevation of 325 feet to fill the irrigation ditches, constructed years ago but still wholly or partly dry. The dead loss of this investment in the tunnel is now admitted by all. The Indian Bureau would like to recover $101,000 (for itself, not for the Flathead Indians) out of the proceeds of the Flathead power—in other words, out of the Indians.

The Federal Power Commission would like a part of the cash from the Indian power site, to be used for its own operating costs. The Montana Power Company wants the Flathead power site at a rental as low and with competition as restricted as Congress can be persuaded to grant.

These are the elements which have joined in as lusty an adventure as Indian history records. The whole undertaking was put in a written "tentative agreement," at the Indian Bureau February 17 last. This agreement plans the confiscation of the Flathead power, delivering the power site to the Montana Power Company, and delivering the company's payment therefor, first, to the white irrigation district in the form of power at cost; second, to the Indian Bureau in reimbursement for its $101,000 tunnel fantasy; third, to the Federal Power Commission; and finally, to the amount of one-third or less of the cash rental, to the Flathead tribe. The Flathead tribe, remember, is the exclusive owner of the water-power site and of any revenue which it may yield.

To achieve the confiscation it is necessary to override the treaty and to mutilate the Federal Water-Power Act. The attempt was first made in Congress one week before adjournment last March, in the form of jokers ap[illegible] the second Urgent Deficiency Bill, sponsored by the [illegible]ton, who is chairman of the Interior Depart[illegible] pended to [illegible]f the House Appropriations Commit[illegible] Louis I. Cramp[illegible]gh the House in three minutes. [illegible] ment subcommittee [illegible]'s behalf by the white irri[illegible] tee. The rider went throu[illegible]pany and the Indian [illegible] In spite of intense activity in [illegible] gationists, the Montana Power Com[illegible]e surface [illegible] Bureau, it was defeated in the Senate. [illegible]lob-

The identical plot, probably altered in some details, is to be sprung on the new Congress. Heavy buying is under way at this writing. The issue is greater than the figure of 250,000 horse-power suggests, because there are other Indian water-powers, large and coveted, and the legislative precedent insisted on by the Indian Bureau is a precedent for confiscating all of this type of Indian wealth.

Senator King of Utah introduced a resolution last February providing for a Senate investigation of Indian affairs. The bureau fought the King resolution and the

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measure was lost in the crush of the filibuster. It has been reintroduced and should pass the Senate immediately. And the appointment of Senator Frazier to the chairmanship of the Indian Affairs Committee should be of the greatest help.

The Institute for Government Research has just completed an ambitious study of Indian affairs. That study will be delivered to the Secretary of the Interior. The several reports on Indian health, Indian property, Indian schools, and Indian agricultural needs without doubt will be subpoenaed by Congress if they can be made public in no other way. Otherwise their history may be that of the American Red Cross Report on Indian Health, which was suppressed absolutely by the Indian Bureau.

No possible reforms, of the merely administrative type, can meet the situation. The Indian is a victim of exploitation through a system that denies him, individually and collectively, status and equal protection before the law. There is no future for Indians save they be granted legal rights. That a complete administrative revolution is called for goes without saying. Our Indian affairs are a systematized, sanctioned, and impersonal wrong. They are not mainly chargeable to the men who are functionaries now, but to history, to Congress, and to ourselves collectively. They can be cured whenever we, through Congress, choose to cure them. If we continue to wait, only ourselves will feel virtuous when we act at last. The Indians, as Indians and as possessors of anything, will have become history.

The Radio Trust Rolls On

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SOMNOLENT public opinion, lulled into that desirable state by pleasant radio programs and a smooth-running publicity machine, has continued in the last six months to keep the air cleared for an obedient servant of the people, the radio trust. This providential combine has gathered in another group of independent manufacturers—at a minimum annual royalty of $100,000 each; and by deft manipulation, strictly in accordance with the law, has shaken choice plums out of the Federal Radio Commission though that body was created "to maintain the control of the United States over all channels of interstate and foreign radio transmission." Among these plums have been a number of short wave-lengths, which recently have become exceedingly valuable in the field of long-distance commercial communication. Today the control of the wireless cabal over manufacturing and broadcasting could not be more complete; since July 1 its dominion over commercial communications has been greatly strengthened, despite the gesture of opposition offered by the newly created Postal Federal Telegraph alliance in the far West. Apparently all that remains to make permanent this control is to have the present session of Congress extend indefinitely the life of the Federal Radio Commission.

Early in 1927 several patent suits, initiated by the Radio Corporation of America, were pending in the courts. Later, after RCA had won a preliminary skirmish, the majority of these suits were settled out of court, by which arrangement a number of independent manufacturers were brought into the trust's patent pool. Included among these were Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company, Zenith Radio Corporation, Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Crosley Radio Corporation, Radio Reception Company, Inc., All-America Radio Corporation, American Bosch Magneto Company, and Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company. The settlement called for the payment of back royalties at the rate of 7½ per cent on the sale price of all radio devices sold, a sum "considerably more than $1,000,000," and the payment in the future of royalties at the same rate. Discussing the agreement reached with the first of these companies, the Radio Corporation said: "Aside from the payment of royalties by Atwater Kent and the freedom which it gives his company to go forward without being hampered by the lack of basic patents or the distraction of litigation, the licensing agreement will have no other effect upon the radio industry, which is on a vigorously competitive basis." Considering that most of the basic radio patents have expired or are about to expire and that competition obviously is permitted only upon payment of tribute to the controlling syndicate, this statement appears somewhat faulty. At least that is the view generally held by the independents, and particularly so by the DeForest Radio Company, the Northern Manufacturing Company, the United Radio and Electrical Corporation, the Televocal Corporation, and certain individuals doing business under the name of the Sonatron Tube Corporation, who on November 29 filed suit in the United States District Court in Wilmington, Delaware, asking that the Radio Corporation of America be restrained from continuing its monopoly of the industry.

In the meanwhile the trust has been handsomely aided by the Federal Radio Commission. When the Dill-White bill was before Congress at its last session the General Electric-Westinghouse ring bitterly opposed the plan to set up an independent radio commission. In this it was supported by President Coolidge, who declared that an independent body would further complicate the growing governmental bureaucracy; the President wanted radio supervision placed directly under a Cabinet officer, who would be responsible to him. But Senator C. C. Dill of Washington insisted, and he was supported by the independent radio interests. Eventually the contending forces compromised; Dill and the independents were to have their commission, but its life was to last only a year, no longer; the radio coalition could after that look forward to one-man supervision, which apparently was what it desired. Since the organization of the commission last spring, however, the opponents of the combine have become disillusioned and the trust amply repaid by the compromise. The former had believed that the commissioners would be outstanding, liberal-minded men; instead, so they now allege, the Radio Commission was packed with men either overly friendly toward the General Electric family or under direct obligations to the radio trust. Before the radio law became effective the Secretary of Commerce was under a mandate to issue broadcasting permits to any and all applicants who complied with the minimum mechanical require-

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ments; only in assigning wave-lengths was he permitted to use his discretion. Under the Radio Act of 1927 the commission is given the widest possible latitude in granting licenses.

A review of the licenses granted in the last few months shows that almost without exception applications received from the RCA group have been approved, while those from dissentient concerns have usually been listed for future hearing. It is not unreasonable to point out that the smaller applicants can rarely afford to attend these hearings in person, to pay an attorney to be on hand at all times to keep alive the commission's interest in their applications, or to pay the expenses of the large number of witnesses that would be needed to convince the commission that the broadcasting or commercial service contemplated is really in the "public interest."

Lately the Federal Radio Commission has put into effect a new wave-length reallocation scheme, under which as many as 300 of the 685 broadcasting stations in the country may be refused license renewals after the first of February. Already twenty-five licensees have been forced off the air. Most radio experts readily agree that this move may eventually clear away much of the interference in and overcrowding of the available broadcasting channels; but it is nevertheless noteworthy that none of the radio trust's stations has been among those which have fallen by the wayside. But the recusant radio interests have tired of barking at that particular moon; seemingly the trust's grip on broadcasting has become unbreakable. At the moment the conflict is over the control of short wave-lengths. Until very recently the wave-lengths under 200 meters were considered worthless; they were left to the amateurs to play with. But these experimenters soon revealed that they could reach Australia, Japan, and South Africa from the United States by means of fifteen to thirty meter waves. Further exploration disclosed that these short waves have immense commercial possibilities. They have a high trajectory—that is to say, they are lifted high into the air immediately upon leaving the sending device and come to earth again hundreds and even thousands of miles away. Consequently they have little value in program broadcasting, but for the same reason they can easily be adapted to long-distance commercial wireless service carried on between fixed points. Being lifted high in the air, they suffer little from interference or static such as is usually caused by metal objects on the face of the earth or by subsurface ore deposits. Moreover less power is required to transmit short waves. The Atlantic Ocean can be bridged on ten to twenty kilowatts, whereas the longer waves need power to the amount of 200 kilowatts. Less power means a smaller investment; a twenty-kilowatt transmitting plant costs from $50,000 to $100,000, while a 200-kilowatt plant may cost as much as $1,000,000. Appreciating this, the General Electric combine has reached out for all the short wave-lengths made available by the Radio Commission and has succeeded in acquiring half of them.

A total of 119 of these valuable wave-lengths had until December 1 been doled out by the commission, of which number fifty-seven were assigned to members of the trust, thirty-eight to the Mackay-Federal combination, and twenty-four to miscellaneous stations. At its Rocky Point, Long Island, station the Radio Corporation is using fifteen or more of these frequency bands, and at its Bolinas, California, station several more. Many wireless experts have pointed out that the business of the Radio Corporation at this time does not require the forty-four short waves which have been assigned to it. It has been the position of the corporation, however, that it needs them all for emergencies or for future expansion. In the meantime other present or potential commercial operators are denied the use of these waves. Similarly the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has five short waves for use at its Ocean Township, New Jersey, station, from which point it conducts a transatlantic telephone service, although at present it is operating on only one wave. So far as transoceanic wireless is concerned the trust has frankly taken the stand that such service should be in the hands of a monopoly. James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation, has declared that "it is both inexpedient and economically impractical to have more than one such system for each country on account of the limited number of ether channels available and the large amount of capital required." Nevertheless the Postal-Federal alliance, which has rounded up thirty-eight short waves, seems to be having some success in competing with the Radio Corporation's monopoly on the Pacific. But a cardinal point of the trust's program is no wireless competition with the overland wire services—particularly the Western Union, a related member of the combine. The Postal Telegraph is making a feeble effort to break through this policy, but nowhere else is there to be found the slightest semblance of a threat. The twenty-four wave-lengths for point-to-point use which have been assigned to miscellaneous stations are being used privately by business and industrial concerns including Ford Motor Company, Graham Brothers, Burton Coal Company, Firestone Rubber Company, Elgin Watch Company; by various oil pipe-line companies, airplane transport firms, and others. Aside from the Postal-Federal licenses already mentioned, not one short wave has been assigned to a commercial radio company competing or planning to compete with the Radio Corporation in long-distance wireless communication service or with the Western Union in overland telegraph service.

Clearly, then, it is to the advantage of the trust that the Radio Commission be continued as at present constituted. Judging from the number of measures being prepared at this time, Congress will have plenty of opportunity to decide whether the commission as an administrative body shall be allowed to expire at the end of its year or shall be permanently endowed with the arbitrary power it now holds. It is too early to forecast the direction new legislation will take, although one or two distinct trends are noticeable and may be worthy of comment. The Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, with Mr. Watson of Indiana as its chairman, has been working on a bill which would continue the commission as an administrative body, although when reported out it may also provide that the commission's jurisdiction be extended to embrace supervision of the telephone and telegraph systems as well as radio. Ordinarily an apathetic Congress would permit such a measure to slide through. Representative E. L. Davis, an authority on the subject and minority leader of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, which has charge of radio legislation in the House, is understood to be in favor of extending the tenure of the radio commission, but he also wants the commission's power increased so that it would become a regulatory instead of a supervisory body. He would require all telephone, telegraph, and radio companies to file schedules of operating costs and income with this commission and provide for the licensing of these companies by the commission. His plan is to confer on this board the broadest possible powers

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of authority over communication by wire or wireless. Another proposal, not yet fathered by any one Congressman, would set up a body to regulate and control all radio services, including peace-time and non-military service of the army and navy. At present these latter systems are not under the jurisdiction of the Radio Commission. The suggested agency would be composed of civil and military personnel, assisted by a staff of technical experts, who would have virtually complete control over all wireless activities in the country. But as this step is not far removed from actual government monopoly, it is doubtful whether it would make much progress in either House, particularly in view of the activities of the "Seventeen-Billion-Dollar Power Industry" lobby in Washington. This lobby is intimately tied up with the radio trust, not only through interlocking directorates and stock holdings, but more particularly because the electricity trust will presently find it necessary to control patents on the devices now being developed for the wireless broadcasting of power.

Quite apart from the question of the future supervision of broadcasting, Congress may be asked to investigate the past work of the Radio Commission. Many of the independent station owners who have been forced to quit the air, claiming that thereby they have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars which they had invested in broadcasting equipment, are threatening trouble and already have lined up several Congressmen in support of a resolution for investigation. This action may bring about a much-needed airing of the domination by the General Electric combine of the American radio field.

In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter has found scientific backing for one of his pet theories. He has long contended that some day a veritable holocaust would begin among the skyscrapers of New York and other American cities. These gaunt towers and terraces are supported by steel girders which in the process of construction are covered up so that in subsequent years they never are—never can be—examined or renewed. Yet in course of time must not rust and decay set in? Thus forty or fifty years hence the Drifter expects that some bright morning the upper six stories of the Woolworth tower will detach themselves from the column below, do a graceful nose dive, and land on the back of the old Post Office below. For without question the old Post Office will still be there just as grimy and ugly as it is today. The next week a couple of the upper floors of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel will slide out from the rest of it and do a back flip-flop over Fifth Avenue into Central Park. Thereafter a rain of skyscrapers will begin above and a reign of terror below. In Chicago a section of the offices of the *Tribune* will come crashing to the pavement, while in Boston a parlor, two bedrooms, and several shower baths will land in Tremont Street from the upper reaches of the Parker House. Pedestrians will find it as dangerous and difficult to dodge falling skyscrapers as they do today to get out of the way of automobiles.

* * * * *

THIS, the Drifter submits, is a reasonable prediction, but he has found no adequate support when descanting upon it. Those to whom he has outlined the probability have eyed him suspiciously for a minute and then gone to a telephone booth to look up the number of the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. But hold! Here comes Sir Edwin Lutyens, an English engineer, expressing precisely the same idea though using longer and less understandable words to do it. Sir Edwin cites in support of his—and the Drifter's—idea the corrosion of the steel which was found in the tower of the old Madison Square Garden when lately it was torn down. Of course the next day "New York architects, engineers, and builders united in condemning as absurd" the theory of Sir Edwin. They did not mention the Drifter, for which he is just as thankful because superficially, at least, their arguments carried considerable conviction. It is no business of this column to restate in detail those arguments. Copies can probably be obtained from the renting office of any new skyscraper. But in general it was pointed out that the steel columns were so encased and protected as to guard against rust almost indefinitely and that the girders in various old skyscrapers, lately torn down, had been found to be in perfect condition. The steel in Madison Square Garden was sound except in the tower where faulty construction had caused the trouble. Fairly reassuring, all this, if we can escape anything but a reasonable amount of "faulty construction." But the Drifter's chief comfort is found in the improbability that any of the buildings will be allowed to stand long enough for their steel to rust. In the skyscraper of tomorrow, in all probability, the plaster in the ninety-sixth story will hardly be dry before the first floor is demolished in order to sink foundations for another and higher structure.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

More Winnipeg Humor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your appropriate remarks relative to the joke of the year, played on Winnipeg through the antics of our stalwart patriots. They refused to build the cenotaph on the prize-winning design because the winner was German-born; when a second competition was held the German's wife won it.

It is indeed a joke, especially in the light of the fact that, after paying Mrs. Hahn her prize money, her design also has been rejected. Another design from another source has now been accepted which, thanks to an application of additional purity tests, is said to be "untainted" in every respect.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, December 15 JOHN W. READ

The Class-Struggle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The other day some "class-conscious" pickets were parading in front of Mr. Rockefeller's office in New York. They had put up a sign: "You cannot destroy the solidarity of the workers." A group of workers from a neighboring building under construction tore down the banner and drove the class-conscious workers away.

Old-time addicts of the class-struggle once pictured the coming of an actual conflict between the working class and the capitalist class, in which the fat capitalists would be routed by the sturdy arms of the brawny workers, and labor would return from the battle with flying banners in the hands of laurel-

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crowned heroes of toil. The picture has faded in the light of experience. Where clashes of arms have taken place between the workers and the capitalists the organized forces of the capitalists have shot down the workers and the affair was soon over.

The most conspicuous class-struggle to be seen today is the struggle on the part of the workers to become capitalists.

A workingman, in working clothes, stands on the street corner and signals an approaching motorman to stop his car for him. If the motorman is in the least bit of a hurry he looks neither to the right nor to the left but rushes the car past his standing fellow-worker, as though he were not there. On the next corner stands a gentleman, kid-gloved and carrying a cane—the badge of the non-worker. He does not need to lift his cane or a gloved finger as a signal to the motorman to stop—a slight condescending nod suffices. The class-conscious worker on the front platform shuts off the power, applies his strong arm to the brake, and brings his car to a respectful stop. He displays his class-consciousness by showing his recognition of the class to which he would like to belong.

The class-conscious worker on the East Side of New York talks about the brave struggle of the working class in Russia. Who are the working class of Russia? About 85 per cent of the workers of Russia are farmers, petty capitalists at heart, with no sympathy whatever for the economic ideals of the class-conscious worker of the United States—or Russia.

A political party in the United States, calling itself "the Party of the Workers," put up candidates for President and sundry other offices, while the majority of workers scarcely knows of its existence; and the more they know about it the less they appear inclined to support it. The workers elected Mr. Coolidge President.

May the workers have more and more success in their effort to escape from the inconveniences of labor. Let us cease fooling ourselves with ancient slogans.

New York, December 1 J. P. WARBASSE

What Veterans Mayn't Read

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to cite, as evidence of a censorship a bit more asinine than usual, the following excerpt from a letter from the Acting Medical Director of the United States Veterans Bureau to the librarian of a large tuberculosis hospital:

> . . . The following books have been canceled on your recent order as unsuitable for patients' reading: Armstrong's "Tales of Fear"; Carman's "Chickens Come Home to Roost"; Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"; Hecht's "Broken Necks"; Huysman's "Downstream"; Mills's "Aristocrat"; Newman's "The Hard Boiled Virgin"; Norris's "Zelda Marsh"; Sinclair's "Oil"; Van Dine's "The Canary Murder Case"; Wells's "The Sixth Commandment"; Kemp's "Tramping on Life"; Mayo's "Mother India"; Wiggin's "The Next Age of Man"; "The Pharmacopeia of the U. S." (not for patients); Stephen's "Etched in Moonlight."
>
> The following books are not found in the Veterans Bureau catalogue: Marcel Proust's "Sodom and Gomorrah"; H. L. Mencken's "Thwacks from the Mother Land. . . ."
>
> The following have been too recently published to have received sufficiently satisfactory reviews: Cohen's "Detours"; Durant's "Transition"; Faulkner's "Mosquitoes"; Stewart's "Cap of Youth"; Brooks's "American Caravan. . . ."
>
> *October 3, 1927* WINTHROP ADAMS, Acting Medical Director

It is only fair to Dr. Adams to state that he gave reasons for blacklisting two of the above volumes: "Aristocrats" as "a depressing moral tale," and "The Canary Murder Case," because one of the characters spoke in favor of suicide.

No one would ever dream of finding the *American Mercury* or *The Nation* in a veteran's bureau library, but why are the *Yale Review* and *Motor Age* censored?

Fort Bayard, N. M., December 25 CHRISTOPHER SEALE

Gerald Lively's Poems

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some twelve years ago a young workingman sent me a great quantity of poetry in manuscript—I think, the best proletarian poetry that has been produced in America. Gerald J. Lively was his name, and I tried in vain to find him a publisher. He took his family off to South America, and I have never heard of him since. The Vanguard Press judges his poetry worth publishing, but has not the money for the publication. The cost would be about $500. I have told the story in more detail in my book, "Money Writes!" with some examples of the verses. This publication brings me a letter from a workingman in New York as follows:

> I am wondering if enough money could not be raised by popular subscription to put his verse through the Vanguard Press. I will gladly donate $10 out of my $23 a week and I have a brother who will give more. Somewhere I became acquainted with Lively's verse and then I lost him. I would certainly be more than willing to do my share toward bringing him to the people.

It has occurred to me that some of the readers of *The Nation* who are earning more than $23 a week might like to contribute to this purpose. I would be very pleased to receive pledges; or let the money be sent direct to the Vanguard Press, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Let me add that if Gerald Lively sees this, or if anyone knows where he is, I would be glad of the information. If he turns up, he will receive a 10 per cent royalty from the publication.

Long Beach, California, December 24 UPTON SINCLAIR

A Porto Rican Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Hiram Bingham recently wrote to a prominent Porto Rican, Colonel Angel Rivero, regretting that teaching in the Porto Rican schools is not exclusively in the English language. He fears that this method will prevent Porto Rico from becoming a State of the Union. He cites the examples of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, where everybody spoke Spanish when the United States acquired those territories, and today they are English-speaking States.

But those territories, when acquired by the United States, were almost uninhabited; their few inhabitants were mostly Indians or half-Indians. Porto Rico, when the United States took possession, was a country densely populated, enjoying a superior culture equal to that of Cuba, with a European civilization four centuries old. The Spanish language had acquired among us Porto Ricans the same purity as in Spain. In Spanish, our most eloquent orators delivered their addresses before the Spanish Congress in defense of our liberty and rights; in Spanish sang our best poets; in Spanish our journalists fought their greatest campaigns; in Spanish our literary men wrote histories, novels, and didactic works. Can Senator Bingham say that of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico? No. And why does he, then, suggest that the Spanish language, which is the exponent of our history and our civilization, should be eliminated from our schools and be replaced by the English, which can convey to our children only the idea that we are a country submitted to a foreign domination?

This is not loving Spain more than loving the United States, as he says. It is defending what every worthy country should defend: its language, which is the soul of the people and their history, for a country without history is not a country, but a tribe, like the wandering tribes of the desert.

Spain did nothing to win the love of our people; she oppressed us with taxes and was tyrannical politically. Nor

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has the United States done anything to win the love of our people. It has brought us material progress, has endowed us with a modern educational system, and has given us laws that guarantee the rights of citizens—but as far as political rights are concerned, we are in the same condition as when Spain left us: with a trimmed autonomy, colonial style, which is far from what we expected from the self-styled "freest and most democratic nation in the world."

Senator Bingham says that we should be, before anything else, *good Americans*. This is the same tin-pan serenade that we used to hear from Spain when we asked her for more liberties and rights. Such sentiments do not come into the soul by means of royal decrees or acts of Congress. If, in order to become a State of the American Union, we must abdicate our patrimony and our love of liberty, it would be better that we constitute ourselves an independent nation and face bravely the consequences of such an act.

San Juan, Porto Rico, December 10 MARIANO ABRIL,
Ex-Senator of the Porto Rican Congress

Contributors to This Issue

The reproduction of Pueblo paintings on the cover is by courtesy of the Corona Mundi International Art Center.

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

JOHN COLLIER is executive secretary of the American Indian Defense Association.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN is on the Washington staff of the International News Service.

ROBERT PENN WARREN is one of a group of American poets known as the Fugitive.

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD is professor of economics at the Robert Brookings Graduate School.

CONSTANCE L. TODD is an American journalist now living in Geneva.

ALTER BRODY is a New York poet, dramatist, and critic.

WALTER GUTMAN is an American painter and critic of painting who has studied both here and abroad.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church, New York City.

HENRIETTA STRAUS has been attending the music festivals in Europe.

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For further information regarding the above write our office. Registrations may be made in person or by mail at Labor Temple, 242 East 14th St., New York City.

The ANNUAL DINNER of the School will take place at the Aldine Club Rooms, 200 Fifth Avenue, Friday evening, January 20th at 7:00 P. M. Speakers will be Heywood Broun, John Cowper Pewys, John Haynes Holmes, G. F. Beck, Edmund B. Chaffee. Tickets $2.50, may be secured at Labor Temple Office.

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Still *he rides*

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP
by Willa Cather

Published in September, this historical tale of quietly heroic devotion in the Southwest had sold 60,000 copies before Christmas, and at a steadily increasing rate. Many a qualified judge has called it the finest of all Willa Cather's books. Dorothy Foster Gilman wrote of it in the *Boston Evening Transcript,* "It is one of the most superb pieces of literary endeavor this reviewer has ever read, regardless of language or nation." Robert Morss Lovett describes it as a tale "full of happiness and triumph." $2.50

Two Modern Artists

THE COUNTERFEITERS
by André Gide

This tremendous novel has brought its author into a position in America as unquestioned as that which he has long occupied in Europe. Clifton P. Fadiman wrote of it in *The Nation,* "All the writer can do is to record his conviction that *The Counterfeiters* is definitely among the great novels of at least our own time." Seventh printing. $3.00

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD
Edited by J. Middleton Murry

The full and final revelation of a personality, a life, great in itself, even apart from the exquisite stories. Conrad Aiken says of it in *The Boston Evening Transcript,* "It is, above all, the *person* who captivates us here, and not the authoress." It is like all Katherine Mansfield's work, beautifully written, humorous, ironical, and tender; and it is full of the pathos of the artist struggling against great odds. $3.50

The Individual—the Race

THE HUMAN BODY
by Logan Clendening, M.D.

The publication of this salty and life-giving book was a signal event of 1927. Its increasing effect on the American consciousness will be part of the literary and scientific history of 1928 and many years to come. H. L. Mencken describes it as "by long odds the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America." 100 illustrations. Third printing. $5.00

THE RATE OF LIVING
by Raymond Pearl

Author of *Alcohol and Longevity, The Biology of Population Growth,* Etc.

Dr. Raymond Pearl describes his new book as "an account of some experimental studies on the biology of life duration." The experiments, from which he concludes that the length of life depends inversely on the rate of living, are of interest both for themselves and on account of the wider implications that may be drawn from them. Illustrated. $3.50

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Books, Music, Plays

Kentucky Mountain Farm

Rebuke of the Rocks

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

Now on you is the hungry equinox,
O little stubborn people of the hill—
The season of the obscene moon whose pull
Disturbs the sod, the rabbit, the lank fox,
Moving the waters, the boar's dull blood,
And the acrid sap of the ironwood.

But breed no tender thing among the rocks.
Rocks are too old under the mad moon,
Renouncing passion by the strength that locks
The eternal agony of fire in stone.

Then quit yourselves as stone and cease
To break the weary stubble-field for seed;
Let not the naked cattle bear increase,
Let barley wither and the bright milkweed.
Instruct the heart, lean men, of a rocky place
That even the little flesh and fevered bone
May keep the sweet sterility of stone.

Mr. Hobson on Industrial Peace

The Conditions of Industrial Peace. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AS an example of incisive, penetrating, lucid, and convincing economic analysis nothing that J. A. Hobson has written surpasses this latest product of his versatile and prolific pen. Primarily directed to the industrial situation in Britain, the argument applies with scarcely less force to conditions in America and other industrialized countries. Diagnosis must precede prescription, and it is especially in diagnosing the causes of industrial conflict that the author evidences an almost uncanny insight. The competitive system which, under a simpler economy, sufficed in a rough way to adjust and regulate the relations of employer and employee, producer and consumer, and to determine the shares in the total product which should go to the various participants in the productive process, has broken down. "The 'invisible hand' of the older laissez faire system has been withdrawn and no new organic rule has been substituted." We are confronted with an increasing integration of industry, the great international cartels constituting the latest and most extensive form of industrial combination. Conflict appears along several fronts: between owners and the workers centering in the wage question; between various classes of trades within each country, particularly between protected and exposed, strongly organized and weakly organized, necessary and luxury trades; between skilled and unskilled labor; between national groups of traders, manufacturers, and investors in foreign countries, seeking control of essential raw materials and markets—the conflicts of economic imperialism in a word.

The basic fact in the present system is that it is "a network of interrelated productive processes, each of which embodies a great heritage of traditional knowledge and skill, together with much plant and other material equipment serviceable to each process." Elaborate cooperation and division of labor is an essential characteristic. The fundamental interdependence and interrelation of the entire economic organization is clearly disclosed. The inevitable corollary is that "value is socially determined." It is the general disregard and defiance of this basic truth that constitutes the underlying cause of industrial conflict, between whatever groups it may occur. The separatist assumption is still maintained that "every business and industry has full right of self-government, and is entitled to all gains which it can make and equally must bear its own losses, irrespective of whether those gains or losses are attributable to its own efficiency or inefficiency, or to external causes affecting the market for its product, over which it has no control." Industry must rather be viewed as "a single complex organism, producing a fund of wealth, divisible into two parts, one required for the wages and profit which sustain the life and current activity of the organism, the other a surplus, over and above these costs of maintenance, a fund of social and individual progress."

It is in distinguishing these elements of cost and surplus that Hobson's analysis is perhaps most penetrating. Wages should include three elements: "a minimum or subsistence wage; some additional payment for occupational skill, disagreeability, etc.; and, where necessary, an individual differential payment." Capital must also receive a return on investment sufficient to evoke its use, which may be analyzed into an interest charge and a "wear and tear" fund, for this analysis does not postulate an abandonment but the continuance of the capitalistic regime; we are not contemplating any transition to socialism. Since, however, wealth is so largely the product of social determinants, we must approach the question of its distribution as a social problem. The pool of wealth represented by the total annual product must, therefore, be divided into two parts, costs and surplus. The parties to the various aspects of the industrial conflict are agreed that costs are a first charge upon this pool of wealth, though they may differ radically in specific instances with regard to what is a fair wage for labor or a reasonable profit for capital.

It is upon the question as to who shall enjoy the surplus after costs are met that the industrial conflict really is joined, all the parties ignoring entirely its essential character of being socially determined. Economic peace is only possible by abandoning the piece-meal attempts at adjusting particular disputes of capital and labor in single businesses or trades. Such a course ignores the basic interdependence of all elements of industry in the present industrial system. A "National Industrial Council in which capital, labor, the consumer, and the government should be duly represented, a body endowed at first with purely advisory powers, is the first essential of that limited industrial self-government needed to secure industrial peace." Through such an agency standards of wages might be established, and return on investments and the limits of profits for capital determined, with reference to the peculiar character of each industry. In emergency situations this might involve subsidies to especially exposed trades. Such an agency would, furthermore, function in determining the element of surplus which would be available for general social uses. To claim for society large portions of this surplus the taxing power should be invoked. Thus Mr. Hobson previsions, as does Mr. Laski, a government of industry, paralleling and interlocking with the government of the state and providing, through a system of functional representation, the elements of democratic social control now so visibly lacking in economic organization.

One additional step must be taken, however, to insure industrial peace. "A policy of sound economic internationalism, based upon equality of access to the resources of backward countries, and a fair treatment of their peoples with a view to the education and supply of their constantly expanding needs, may gain enough authority to break up the new and subtler forms of servitude devised to replace the crude slavery of the past." Whether the League of Nations may become the instrument

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through which this ideal will be achieved is difficult to predict, but as long as the selfish greed of powerful economic interests, nationally organized, threatens the peace of the world through their competition for economic control of the natural resources and markets of undeveloped areas, no program of industrial adjustment, confined to the limits of a single state, can offer more than a partial solution of the problem of industrial conflict.

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD

Disarmament

General Disarmament or War? By Rennie Smith. On sale at the National Council for Prevention of War, Washington, D. C. Cloth, $1; paper, twenty-five cents.

RENNIE SMITH is the kind of earnest evangelist whose conviction gathers strength from the very limitation of his vision. If you believe that the causes of war are so complex and deeply rooted in our economic system that the thing can be eliminated only by the concerted and intelligently disciplined action of those classes in each country which do the bulk of the work and bear the main brunt of war, then this little book of one hundred pages will not kindle you with its contagious faith. But if you are a practical person with your mind turned toward the immediate and not the remote future, if you are an optimist by nature and ready to work for mere next steps, you will find in this book a valuable program adaptable to the United States as well as to Europe.

First, says the author, we require the development of international institutions adequate for holding together the life of mankind and capable of attaining settlements of disputes—obviously the League of Nations, the World Court, the International Labor Office. Second, we need the preparation of minds for the achievement of the work of these institutions. Third—and here is where the author's contribution is really made—we need the adoption and practice, stage by stage, of general disarmament. The book, written before the failure of the recent naval conference in Geneva, records progress to date in this respect in the disarmament of the Central Powers, by duress, at Versailles in 1919; the achievements (such as they were) of the Washington Conference of 1921, and the Central American Disarmament Conference of five small Powers in 1923.

The author then makes very clear and very convincing the moral obligation of the other great Powers to meet, in the disarmament conference scheduled for the League of Nations for 1928, the terms that were forced upon the Central Powers at Versailles—namely, terms which would leave each country able to defend her territory against an outlaw nation but crippled as to aggressive warfare. He makes plain the obligation of Great Britain to take the initiative in naval disarmament, and of France to make the offer to relinquish part of her land and air force if the other countries will meet her proportionately. The vexed question of commercial airplanes which can in an hour's time be converted into bombers he meets candidly with the statement that "the only way to reduce this potential menace is to place civil aviation under an international authority such as the League of Nations."

The rest of the book is concerned with the technical discussion of what would constitute a proportionate disarmament schedule in the exact scale of that which the victors in 1919 forced upon the vanquished with the tacit understanding before the world that at the close of the war to end war they would voluntarily swallow their own disarmament medicine.

Of the feasibility and fairness of these schedules it is difficult for the lay critic to speak with authority, or the expert with disinterestedness. It is easy for the American critic to respond to the author's claim that England has far-flung colonies to protect, that the United States has a huge coast line on each of two oceans. The only opinion of demonstrable value on moot points would be that of Olympian groups of disinterested experts of all countries in military, naval, and aviation matters, speaking with the tongues of angels as well as of men. The recent naval fiasco at Geneva suggests that the Anglo-Saxon nations at least have not yet developed experts who are also great statesmen; which does not mean that in time we may not do so, but does mean that the basic premise of the book has yet to be proved.

Yet the book is valuable in the moral force of its appeal to the people of Great Britain to "put the mandate of an unmistakable national public opinion behind Britain's representative on the Disarmament Conference" of 1928 and thus to "justify and cover with the spirit of legality the compulsory disarmament of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria in 1919." Equally, public opinion in the United States will count, be she in or out of the League. The peoples of all nations will have to learn to think in terms of gradual voluntary disarmament if governments are to be persuaded to disarm.

CONSTANCE L. TODD

Wanted—A Literary Tariff

Conflicts. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.50.

WHAT should annoy the literary conscience of sophisticated American readers who find themselves ensnared by those tales is the obviously artificial devices by which two—and the most effective of them—are projected. Both of them are introduced by formalities reminiscent of the age of Washington Irving rather than of Ernest Hemingway. In the first tale, Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman, an elderly English woman is moved by an incident at her hotel to relate an episode of her life to one of the gentlemen guests in 100 pages of finished prose—including a complete, breath-taking melodrama, enacted on a gambling table by the telltale hands of the gamblers—a most remarkable piece of writing, but quite a miraculous improvisation for the lady in question. In the other, Episode in Early Life, a professor is moved by a presentation from his students to speak a novelette of 120 pages of concise dialogue and description. Yet not a bit perturbed over the stiffness and implausibility of such an opening, the author goes on as if it were the most casual introduction in the world, and before long there is built up in our mind a sense of experience which insinuates itself so subtly into our own backgrounds that we reach the end of the tale with a feeling of having been interrupted in a revery.

It is enough to set American authors clamoring for a literary tariff. Here are our own story tellers, from the gay adsandwiched pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* to the arid stretches of the *Dial*, at their wits' end for original ways of floating a story so that it should sound true, so that it should not be suspected of being fiction. If there is anything characteristically American about our literature it is this shamefacedness at telling a story, this fear of being found out, this apotheosis of the "real thing," smacking so suspiciously of the repressed scruples of a street faker. Highbrow and lowbrow have this in common. One will garnish a story with the latest slang, the other will get the indorsement of the newest psychological theory. The important thing is to produce a perfect alibi, to assure the reader that this is genuine and no fake. That, rather than the racial or geographic diversity of the country, has been responsible for the overemphasis on local color and dialect. For this the country has been zoned into a dozen local color areas, each with a school of its own. And contemporaneity has been developed to such a length that our fictional characters are sure to survive as authentic period furniture. With the apparent result that a highly specialized lit-

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erary type has been bred, so peculiarly American, so differentiated from the rest of humanity, that it seems unreal—even to Americans. So that they turn with a sense of relief and recognition to read about Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Scandinavians, Hungarians—foreigners, but somehow so much more like themselves than the most perfect replicas in our novels.

It is this sense of inner reality that holds one in these tales, which take place somewhere in human nature. Quietly unfolding out of a rich store of experience—rather than feverish attempts at snapshotting life—they give one a profound feeling of depth and flux instead of mere likeness. Thus they avoid the error of a realism that defeats its own purpose when it sets us seeing instead of experiencing. The characters of these tales have no identity beyond that which they establish emotionally. They are like marble figures, naked, hard, and uncolored, but the shadowed concavities of their eyes are alive with a life no colored wax can simulate.

It is interesting that the one story executed directly "from the life" is the weak link of the trio. A Failing Heart, the record of the last days of a dying man, is reminiscent of Tolstoi's Death of Ivan Ilyitch, and not to Zweig's advantage. It fails to impair, however, this intriguing introduction to America of an international literary personality.

ALTER BRODY

The Game of Research

Three Essays in Method. By Bernard Berenson. Oxford University Press. $14.

SCHOLARSHIP, to Mr. Berenson, rather than being a contribution toward the advance of civilization, etc., is a game in which a trained sensibility is pitted against the enigma of the past, and it is the sport of the game, rather than the result, which is of importance. In technique, too, he depends less on shibboleths than on facts. Long ago in his "Study and Criticism of Italian Art" he said that the study of art as of botany could take as its subject the result alone, and in the present volume this remains his attitude: What the work tells you quantitatively to determine the time, place, school, and original author; what it tells qualitatively to learn whether it is an autograph or a copy. While this method has its obvious faults, especially in the second part, no better one seems to have been developed.

The first essay or game is called, whimsically, Nine Pictures in Search of an Attribution. These nine small panels, two of which happen to be in the Metropolitan Museum of New York and one in the Jarvis Collection at New Haven, remained practically unremarked until Mr. Berenson took hold of them. To him they appeared closely related to one another. The problem then was: Were they by the same hand? Where and at what time were they painted, and, if it could be discovered, which painter did them? That they were by one painter Mr. Berenson thinks is shown by the treatment of costume, parts of the body, and landscape, and by the use of architecture in the arabesque of the panels. The landscapes the author quite rightly says are not very similar in detail. In fact none could be less so than those of plates 1 and 7; which is surprising considering the conventionality of landscapes in their day. But anyone would agree that the similarities are more significant than the differences, and that Mr. Berenson is justified in attributing the nine panels to one hand. The place and time he deduces from the types of costume, coiffure, and architecture shown in the panels; the result being Verona between 1480 and 1490. There remains, then, the who? This he decides may be Domenico Marone, because the only other painter of sufficient power to do them, Benaglio, painted in a manner too different from the panels to be admissible, and because these nine, in conjunction with twelve panels in the Este Collection at Vienna, mentioned by Dr. Suida as being similar to one of these, would fill a lacuna in the known career of Marone. This gap in knowledge is caused by the fact that the "Expulsion of the Bonacolsi" (1494) and four works similar in style come between the Berlin Madonna (1484) and the S. Bernardino Libreria frescoes (1503), which seem to be inexplicably different in manner and subject. But these twenty-one panels, the nine originally in question and the twelve of the Este Collection, are similar in subject to the "Expulsion of the Bonacolsi," and a detailed examination shows them similar in technique to the works before and after the Bonacolsi period. These being attributed to Marone, his development becomes clear, for it is decided that toward the middle of the eighth decade of the century he came under the influence of Gentile Bellini, and remained there until the middle of the ninth, when he returned to his former style.

The proof is good, but it might gain force if, instead of considering the Berlin Madonna as the latest of the series of five, the André Madonna were given this place and the Widener Madonna placed earliest. Thus the series would go: Widener (fig. 60), Chalandon (fig. 58), Berlin (fig. 61) or Louvre (fig. 59), and finally André (fig. 57). This arrangement would, I think, have three supports: (1) It is difficult to explain why, in an age of naturalism, modeling should change from actualistic to decorative. (2) If the Madonna attributed to Benaglio is, as Mr. Berenson thinks, by Marone, then certainly the relationship between it and the Widener Madonna is too parental to be accidental. (3) If the André Madonna were the latest rather than the earliest, the transition from the monumental style to that of the "Bonacolsi" would be still clearer, for the background is a "veduta" and, as Mr. Berenson demonstrates, almost the simulacrum of the "King Receiving the Youthful Ambassador," one of the known Marones of the "Bonacolsi" period.

In the second essay the author restores to its rightful place a Botticelli of the Florence Academy whose legitimacy was long doubted. But it seems that, the original heads of the Mother and Child being injured, ones of a generation later were grafted. Remove these, regraft those in the "Madonna and Child" of the Lloyd Collection, and we have the Botticelli.

The third and the least enjoyable essay discusses a possible and an impossible Antonello da Messina. In this essay alone does Mr. Berenson rely on the connoisseur's as well as the archaeologist's eye. The principal and collateral results are interesting, but in the second part more evidence than is necessary is adduced.

WALTER GUTMAN

An American Old Testament

The Old Testament: An American Translation. By Alexander R. Gordon, Theophile J. Meek, J. M. Powis Smith, Leroy Waterman. Edited by J. M. Powis Smith. University of Chicago Press. $7.50.

SEVEN years ago the University of Chicago Press published "an American translation" of the New Testament, by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed, which was described as an attempt to reproduce in "simple, straightforward English" that common "language of everyday life" in which the Gospels and Epistles were originally written. What was begun thus with the New Testament has now been completed by "an American translation" of the Old Testament, which "tries," says the editor, "to be American in the sense that the writings of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson are American."

This Chicago translation of the Bible, now to be considered as a single work, rivals the scholarly achievement of the famous Revised Version. In addition it attempts the distinctive quality of a readableness in form and content which will commend it to the modern man. The publishers have done their part, in the

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case of this Old Testament volume, by putting forth a book of surpassing beauty and convenience. The editor has cooperated by abolishing all the chapter and verse divisions of the traditional text and by arranging prose into paragraphs and poetry into verses, as in any contemporary book. As for the text itself, it is vivid, smooth, clear, not seldom noble and impressive. The antique, artificial character of the King James Version is altogether gone. This means a loss of sonorous dignity, of the great organ tones, as in Job and some of the Prophets. We miss the familiar form of certain immortal passages, as the twenty-third Psalm. But there is compensation in the liveness of the book. The translators have achieved a work of enormous difficulty with great success. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Anthony Comstock. By Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. A. and C. Boni.
Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Herbert Gorman. Doran.
The Rebellious Puritan. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace.
Diary of Samuel Sewall. Macy-Masius.
The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. Century.
Circus Parade. By Jim Tully. Boni and Liveright.
Marcel Proust. By Leon Pierre-Quint. Knopf.
The Magic Mountain. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
The Counterfeiters. By André Gide. Knopf.
Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.
Blue Voyage. By Conrad Aiken. Scribner.
Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking.
The Place Called Dagon. By Herbert Gorman. Doran.
Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.
Marco Millions. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.
Escape. By John Galsworthy. Scribner.
Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Longmans, Green.
Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
Variety. By Paul Valéry. Harcourt, Brace.
The Road to Xanadu. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin.
Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
Discordant Encounters. By Edmund Wilson. A. and C. Boni.
The Realm of Essence. By George Santayana. Scribner.
The Social Basis of Consciousness. By Trigant Burrow. Harcourt, Brace.

Books in Brief

The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell. Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $10.50.

Long in preparation, these volumes constitute the best edition to date of Marvell's prose and verse. Mr. Margoliouth has gone to the manuscripts wherever they existed, and has given us for the first time an adequate commentary on one of the finest of English poets as well as on one of the most conscientious of English politicians. He does not indulge in criticism of Marvell, the best verdict on whose poetry is still the essay contributed by T. S. Eliot to the tercentenary volume a few years ago. It was time that Marvell be honored by an edition comparable to those of other poets of his century.

The Classical Tradition in Poetry. By Gilbert Murray. Harvard University Press. $3.

In these lectures, the first delivered under the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard, Mr. Murray attempts to show how the great poets have resembled each other. It is true that they have, but Mr. Murray does not very clearly show how or why; and the larger question still—how they can be at once so like and yet so different—he does not answer.

Father Mississippi. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Company. $5.

A devoted study, coming on down to the days of the recent great flood, of the greatest of our flowing waters and of the life which has been lived along it.

Annus Mirabilis, The Year of Wonders (1666). By John Dryden. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

This type-facsimile of the first edition of Dryden's first important poem is a valuable addition to the series which the Oxford Press has so admirably kept going.

Music

Haslemere and Baden-Baden

FROM the ancient village of Haslemere in England to luxurious Baden-Baden is a fairly direct journey for the traveler of about thirty-six hours by land and sea. For the musician, however, the route is not so simple. Some four hundred years lie between the two, both in musical ideas and in purpose. Haslemere seeks to revive the past, Baden-Baden to forestall the future; and even their common medium of "chamber music" is common in name only. Chamber music in the little Surrey village is that close communion among a small group of instruments long held as the highest and most refined form of music. Here viols and recorders, harpsichords and 'cellos hold intimate converse in stately "pavanes," grave "ayres" and "fantasies" and elaborately embroidered "concertos"; here, also, voice and lute woo or make common plaint. They are relics of the days when part playing, like part singing, was a regular function in every educated English household; and Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the genius of this festival, has endeavored to bring back those days. Seated informally, with his wife and children, on a platform littered with instruments, he manages, somehow, to transform a small town hall into a drawing-room. It is not playing of great skill—except for that of young Rudolph Dolmetsch—but it is chamber music in its truest sense, chamber music as Bach and Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven knew it, and as the world itself has generally regarded it, calling for an exquisite sympathy between the players and from those privileged to listen.

This intimacy of expression and mood, however, has no place apparently in the life of the practical composer of 1927, if one judges by his recent efforts at Baden-Baden. Here, too, one heard brilliant "suites" and "toccatas" and "études" in the name of modern chamber music—but they were written for mechanical instruments! Even the tender and sparkling Mozart was represented first on a reproducing organ, and then repeated on a purely mechanical one to show the equality, if not the superiority, of the latter to any human medium. Other mechanical devices were also exploited—the synchronization of music with the film, known to America as the vitaphone; and a new instrument, the music-chronometer, which claims to measure time in space and was illustrated by timing an orchestral accompaniment to a film of constantly shifting masses of color blocks. On the human side came four miniature "operas" with Kammerorchester: "The Princess and the Pea," by Ernst Toch; "The Abduction of Europa," by Darius

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Milhaud; "Hin und zurück," by Paul Hindemith; and "Mahogany," by Kurt Weill. The first was a fairy tale, the second a mythological episode, and the last two were nonsensical vaudeville sketches. There was a certain steely brilliance and charm about the Toch work, and a tremendous energy about that of Weill, and a curious affinity between both with the music written for machines. This last music was, indeed, strangely illuminating, for it fitted perfectly the mechanical instruments for which it was written. This then, apparently, has been the goal of those dull, metallic, grating combinations of sounds that have been coming to us from European laboratories ever since Arnold Schönberg began his search for what he called "a good, new music." We are indeed told that all music will be like this fifty years from now, for by then all music will be performed by mechanical instruments. Already young men, it seems, are turning to these instruments for their inspiration. Is it, then, the last phase of decadence in this emotionally exhausted post-war period of art, or are we to silence the viols and the lutes forever?

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

George Kelly

GEORGE KELLY'S new play "Behold, the Bridegroom" (Cort Theater) is by no means such good theater as either "Craig's Wife" or "The Show Off" and it is not likely to win the popular success which those earlier plays achieved; but it should do more than both put together to lift its author above the motley mob contending for Broadway honors and to place his name on that brief list of contemporary American dramatists who have really proved themselves worthy of the serious consideration of a critic of art.

There are, to be sure, various objections, both technical and moral, which may easily be raised against his treatment of this simple story of a spoiled and empty woman who read contempt in the eyes of the first man she ever really loved and who died of a broken heart when brought face to face with her own emptiness. Undoubtedly it is deficient in dramatic action; perhaps the almost fanatical severity of the moral code which it implies is as ethically unjustifiable as it is certainly unmodish; but the curtain has not been five minutes up before one realizes that one is in the presence of a work of which one cannot possibly say less than that it belongs in an entirely different realm from that tawdry one occupied by nine-tenths of even our better dramas. In the bottom of our hearts we despise the shallow vulgarity of most successful plays even while we applaud them, but whatever else we may withhold from Mr. Kelly's latest offering we cannot possibly withhold our respect. Here a passionate sincerity in the conception and a fineness of texture in the writing generate a particular quality which one could hardly parallel in English outside certain of our greater novels. Henry James himself never wrote more subtle or more finely tempered dialogue than that which constitutes some of the pages of Mr. Kelly's manuscript. And Henry James would never have allowed himself to give expression to such passionate moral earnestness.

Austerity is the last quality likely to be thought of in connection with a successful Broadway playwright, but it is the quality which most signally distinguishes Mr. Kelly's mind. Though he happens, in addition, to be gifted to an unusual degree with a talent for mimicry, and though the homely verisimilitude of his plays which results from this gift is chiefly responsible for his popularity he is, primarily, not only a student of character but one who studies it from the point of view of a rigid morality. Probably most people were made a little uncomfortable by the mercilessness with which justice was visited upon Craig's wife; some even suggested that a more knowing playwright would not thus have pushed retribution so far as to swing the sympathy of the audience around in the direction of its victim; but it was not a mere dramaturgic mistake which was responsible for Mr. Kelly's relentlessness. He is, though not in any debased sense of the word, a puritan and a puritan wishes to understand all, not in order that he may pardon all, but in order that he may know how all may adequately be punished: Craig's wife was struck where she had sinned and the heroine of "Behold, the Bridegroom" suffers a similar fate. She had wasted her emotional capacities on cheap loves, she was not ready when the bridegroom came, and she had forfeited all moral right to the thing whose value she had come to understand only when it was too late. She awakes, not in order to be saved, but only in order that she may know what she had lost, for only thus can the puritan sense of justice be served and the damned must be given one glimpse of paradise before they are plunged into hell forever.

"Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This we have upon the authority of one of Shakespeare's heroines and it may be urged against the conclusion which Mr. Kelly has given to his play, but the most serious of my doubts are not of this naturalistic kind. I can accept the physical features of his conclusion and I can respect the moral sincerity which has enabled him to develop an almost pietistic thesis without falling into mere priggishness on the one hand or into rant on the other, but I honestly doubt that nature is constructed upon any plan so in accord with a puritan sense of moral fitness. Perhaps a spoiled and empty woman should die of self-contempt when she sees herself; perhaps she should feel herself forever unworthy of love if she chanced at last to meet it; but I doubt that she would actually feel so or that there is anything to be gained by trying to make her. We forgive ourselves more easily and it is as well that we should. Artists and moralists both love to contemplate the irreparable—it helps the one to be dramatic and it helps the other to satisfy his sense of justice. But nature is more compliant. Time cannot be called back and what has been physically destroyed cannot be found again, but nothing else is irretrievably lost and there are no sins that ought not and cannot be forgiven, for we are not made of stuff so stern as the puritan conscience would wish.

Two other plays of the crowded holiday season deserve more notice than the exigencies of space will permit. "The Love Nest" (Comedy Theater) is a satiric comedy which gives June Walker the opportunity for some very excellent acting. Though a little uncertain just how Ring Lardner's story is to be expanded into a three-act play and hence a little wobbly in its action, it retains some of Mr. Lardner's biting satire and fills up the rest of the time with effective melodrama. "Celebrities" (Lyceum Theater) tells the story of a pugilist press-agented into fame on the basis of an alleged fondness for books. It is saltily written, amusingly rowdy, and, except for the presence of a little conventional love interest, refreshingly tough-minded in its treatment of the pugilistic world.

The other new offerings may, with less regret, be briefly dismissed. "Los Angeles" (Hudson Theater) starts out promisingly enough as a satire on Hollywood but being unable to decide whether it ought to be a fast, hokum comedy of the "Broadway" variety or a genuine character comedy it gets lost somewhere between the two. "Excess Baggage" (Ritz Theater) dresses up the old story of the broken-hearted clown with vaudeville features and serves it in the manner of "Broadway," "Burlesque," "The Barker," et al. "Springtime" (Bayes Theater) is a sober drama about the soul of an artist born in a village and it does not quite come off. "The Golden Dawn" (Hammerstein's Theater) is an elaborate and well-sung operetta whose chief defect lies in taking a preposterous story a little too seriously.

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International Relations Section

Cuba's Price-Fixing

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

CUBA hopes to put its sugar industry on a profitable basis by an ambitious and radical price-fixing experiment. If the scheme succeeds Cuba may gain virtual control of the world's sugar market, but more important to the United States, and this frankly is its purpose, success for the plan will lead to an increase in the price which the American housewife must pay for her sugar. Already President Machado's program has alarmed certain elements in the United States: the Democrats, who fear that the American consumer is about to be robbed; the Progressives from the Grain Belt, who see Cuban planters profiting under a government-controlled relief scheme which is being denied American farmers; the American sugar producers and refiners (not including the group that controls the Cuban industry), who believe Cuba under the Machado program is turning to the left, toward a sort of diluted socialism. Only the Coolidge Administration remains unruffled and apparently uninterested.

Briefly, Cuba has, so far as it is within its power to do so, placed the world on a sugar ration basis, restricting not only production, but also the amount of the raw product that may be shipped to any country on earth and most particularly to the United States. Thus, by artificially manipulating the supply, Machado believes he can regulate the demand and consequently the price.

Cuba now produces roughly one-fourth of the world's supply of sugar and, because more than 80 per cent of its potential sugar lands are not yet under cultivation, it can increase its control over the available supply at any time. Another Cuban advantage arises from the preferential tariff rate which Cuban sugar is accorded under the Cuban-American reciprocity treaty of 1902. By virtue of this tariff arrangement the world price of sugar is determined in the American market, being governed wholly by the flow of Cuban sugar through New York. United States producers can charge no more for their product than the price the Cuban product brings in New York plus the tariff duty and the cost of transportation from Cuba; the American consumer would naturally prefer the lower-priced Cuban sugar to the higher-priced domestic product. Similarly foreign producers can charge no more than this price because here again higher prices would attract competition from Cuba, with its unlimited supply, thereby forcing the price down to the American level. Cuba can rush into any buyer's market in the world to take advantage of the rising prices of that market, because of its virtually limitless production capacity, but that very fact prevents Cuba from enjoying continued high prices. The only solution, from Cuba's point of view, is to limit production and to restrict exportation to the United States. Thus when the supply is reduced the demand, which presumably will continue to expand, will inflate the American and consequently the world price; and so long as production is curtailed the Cuban producers will be unable to dump their sugar elsewhere in quantities sufficient to upset the price equilibrium established in the New York market.

Though this plan may boost the price of sugar, yet when the increase reaches 44 cents per hundred pounds the Cuban producers will automatically lose the advantage they have under the 1902 reciprocity treaty, which is the keystone of the entire scheme. This figure represents the difference between the $1.76 duty on Cuban sugar and the $2.20 duty on all other foreign sugar. When the inflated price reaches that point the other foreign sugar will enter the American market on even terms with the Cuban product because the inflation will then be great enough to absorb the 44-cent tariff differential.

The scheme is the brain-child of Colonel José Tarafa, a government finance and economic expert, and is incorporated in the sugar law published in the Official Gazette in Havana on October 5. This act created a National Sugar Defense Commission, which

> shall inform and advise the President of the Republic on all problems of the sugar industry, as to the date on which the crop should begin, and particularly, during the months of October, November, and December of each year, with respect to the estimates of world production and consumption of sugar, taking into consideration the carry-overs from previous crops, domestic and foreign, the visible stocks, and so far as is possible the invisible ones; the probable production of other countries, the present and future requirements for domestic and foreign consumption, and, in short, whatever data and information may be necessary to enable intelligent and efficacious action to be taken. Once the commission shall have estimated in tons of 2,240 pounds the quantity of sugar of Cuban production to be required for consumption by Cuba and the United States of America on the one hand, and on the other hand by the countries which require our product in the corresponding year, the President of the Republic shall fix the amount of the authorized Cuban crop for the following year.

This done, the planter will be informed that he may cut so much cane and no more, the amount being apportioned among the planters in proportion to the extent of their cultivated lands. In the same way the mill owner or operator will be permitted to grind a predetermined amount of cane in proportion to the present capacity of his mill. A tax of $20 is to be assessed for each 325-pound sack of sugar produced in excess of the allotted amount. The President and the commission are further authorized to place a definite limit on the amount of sugar that may be sold in Cuba and on the amount that may be shipped abroad to countries other than the United States, thereby in effect restricting the amount of sugar that can be exported to this country. Last year Machado decreed that only 3,800,000 long tons could be shipped here; this year the amount will not be fixed, but under the operation of the law it is believed that fewer than 3,500,000 tons will reach the United States.

The Tarafa Act also created the Cuba Sugar Export Company to "dedicate itself exclusively to the sale, pro rata and for the account of all Cuban sugar producers, their successors or assigns, of the surplus production of this raw product, surplus production in this case being understood to be all sugar in excess of the domestic consumption and of that to be exported to the United States." All mill owners or operators are required under the law to become shareholders of this company, while planters may also buy shares. The $250,000 capital of the company has been supplied by the public treasury, which is to reimburse itself

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by a tax of one cent on each sack of sugar produced during the present year.

The export corporation alone is authorized to sell sugar in countries other than the United States and the mill owners are obligated to turn over to the corporation for sale abroad sugar in amounts proportionate to their stocks or mill capacity whenever that is decreed by the President and the commission. To insure compliance with this provision of the law certificates of identity are issued to the mill owners and planters which specify the ultimate destination of the sugar stocks they have on hand. The sugar must be disposed of in accordance with the specifications made in the certificates and no sugar can be sold locally, shipped to the United States, or turned over to the export corporation without these certificates. Moreover, by special decree, the mill owner incurs a fine of $5 for each 325-pound sack of sugar under the amount called for by the corporation which he fails to deliver. The system is further strengthened by a provision which requires a landing certificate for each cargo sent abroad to prevent clandestine transshipment to the United States. Under the American law Cuban sugar when reshipped from a port other than one in Cuba does not enjoy the preferential tariff rate.

Besides the fines and extraordinary taxes already mentioned, the Tarafa Act provides that a fine of not less than $500 and not more than $10,000 shall be assessed for each violation of the law or of any of the decrees issued by the President or the commission.

II

"Sugar is Cuba," one writer has said, and if sugar does not pay all Cuba suffers. But the sugar industry of the island has been in a continual state of depression for more than a generation, having shown a decent profit in only one or two of the last twenty-five years. The evil, of course, has been overproduction and this evil was accentuated during the World War when, at the request of the British Government, the Cuban producers threw caution overboard and speeded up production to supply British requirements. During that period the industry went deeply into debt to finance the abnormal expansion of its plants and other physical assets. Since then the interest charges on these mortgages have eaten away the profits.

Immediately after the war the Cuban Government turned to legislation in its search for relief and many laws were adopted and Presidential decrees promulgated from 1919 until October, 1927, looking toward the restriction of sugar exports, toward the stimulation of sugar sales in Europe and Asia, toward the floating of loans to refinance the industry, toward increasing the production of sugar on sterile land, toward the discovery of new industrial uses for sugar, and toward some forty or fifty other means of relief. On April 19, 1926, President Machado decreed that no more land should be cleared for sugar growing; eight days later he was authorized by the national legislature to fix the size of the current crop. On May 3 he signed a law regulating the sugar crops for the two following years and on December 10 he decreed that the crop then about to be harvested should not exceed 4,500,000 tons. The Tarafa Act followed.

Colonel Tarafa was none too hopeful that the measure bearing his name would produce the desired results. He saw the possibility of a "sugar war" on a world scale, with the other sugar-producing countries dumping an increased output of sugar on the world market. Therefore he had written into the law a provision that it might be suspended by the President at any time for a period of twelve months. Meanwhile he planned to organize, if it was humanly possible, an international sugar combine to prevent a dumping war. President Machado is working along the same lines, principally through diplomatic channels. He hopes soon to convene a world sugar conference in Havana.

But while Colonel Tarafa is busy with these matters, his law is operating to stimulate the demand for sugar in Europe as well as in Asia and Africa. Under the law the Cuban Government is to contribute annually to the export corporation a sum not in excess of $25,000 for administrative purposes, a part of which sum is to be "employed in work of propaganda and advertising of Cuban sugar in those countries which do not now consume important quantities thereof, or in those countries in which it is possible to increase consumption, distributing in an intelligent manner large quantities of samples among the inhabitants of countries which are not familiar with the use of sugar, or which employ it in a very limited manner." The fines collected from the mills which fail to deliver in full to the export corporation their quotas of sugar are also to be used in this propaganda campaign.

III

The overly ambitious Tarafa-Machado experiment has already aroused two political elements in the United States, and they are busy calling upon the Government in Washington to do something about it. A commercial group has also assumed a critical attitude, but because it is not disinterested it may be dismissed with a word. Speaking for this group, Earl D. Babst, chairman of the board of the American Sugar Refining Company, asserted that in his opinion the Cuban "choice of restriction . . . was like turning 'left' when the traveled road (cooperative export marketing) and signboard said 'right.'"

But it is the Democrats and Western Progressives in Congress who have been the noisiest in their appeals to Calvin Coolidge and the Republican majority. Said Representative Oldfield, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee:

> It is significant that, although American consumers will have to pay substantially all the burden of increased Cuban sugar prices, neither President Coolidge nor Secretary of Commerce Hoover have voiced a single word of protest against Cuba's action. . . .
>
> Because of the peculiarly close relations between this Government and Cuba word from the White House or the Commerce Department would have had a marked effect on Cuban action and might have saved America a hundred million dollars in the cost of her sugar bowl during the next year or so. But the Administration that worked itself into a frenzy because France threatened retaliation against prohibitive rates in the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill could not find it politically expedient to say a word in protest against increased sugar prices.

Since 90 per cent of the Cuban sugar industry is owned or controlled by American capital, according to an estimate made public by the White House, it should be apparent that this 90 per cent dominates the industry and therefore must have been the real author of the Tarafa Act. In the light of this, is it reasonable to expect that any action against the Cuban scheme will be taken by an Administration dedicated to Big Business?

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